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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1840. NO. 1029.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 25.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From Beard's Lectures on Owenism.]

THE CORRUPTIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

The corruptions of Christianity are frequently pleaded in disparagement of its claims; and even in cases where the charge is not put into language, it is found to operate with a destructive power. Men take Christianity as it offers itself to their eyes, and finding much of a repulsive character mixed with it, they give themselves no trouble to separate the chaff from the wheat, but condemn the whole without discrimination.

I state a fact, I do not offer an apology. On the contrary, I think that such hasty and indiscriminating judgments are very alien from those qualities of mind which mark a genuine love of truth. Indeed, such conduct men would not yield to in any other concern but religion. If they wish to pursue a course of social policy which, in their opinion, the condition of their age and country and a regard to general principles require;—if they wish to become the disciples of any teacher of philosophy; nay, if they wish to enjoy the pleasures and advantages of friendship, they are not at once deterred by the appearance of disparaging circumstances, but carefully sift the matter before them, and where they are unable to separate the bad from the good, strike a just balance, and pass over to the side where the preponderance lies. But in religious matters, the ordinary rules are with but too many persons, set aside. The labor of discrimination is refused; inquiry is abandoned almost as soon as it is entered on; and there are men, who, in this high concern, applaud themselves for the very neglect which they would be among the first to condemn in morals, philosophy, or business. Yet why? religion is either a splendid fiction, or the grandest truth which the human mind is capable of entertaining; and surely, while we are careful to employ all the energies of our minds in buying and selling, amassing riches, in devising schemes for social improvement, in deciding between rival theories of government, or conflicting schools of philosophy, we cannot do right, we cannot act consistently, if we refuse a calm and diligent investigation to the highest topic which can engage our attention. Such a refusal appears to me not only highly culpable, but to involve the very spirit of unfaithfulness. The worst state, short of vice, in which a mind can be, is one of unconcern respecting questions of the highest possible import;—questions which relate to God, duty, and eternity. These questions may have their foundation in error; but this no one can know for himself, who has refused to inquire; they may also rest on the most satisfactory basis, and lead on to the most salutary results; but whether they involve good or ill, the man must be wrong in regard to them, who either receives them without evidence, or rejects them without due examination. Mental honesty is the great quality which all who have the light of reason, should, before all things, labor to preserve; and, for myself, I see no essential difference between the hypocrite who, to serve a purpose, affects to believe that of which he is not convinced, and the sceptic, who, under the impulse of his prejudices, refuses to inquire, or inquires only so far as he may find agreeable. Both are false; the one to his light, the other to his opportunities. The one professes what he does not believe, the other believes what he does not know;— I say what he does not know, for whoever declares that religion is false without due and faithful inquiry, makes a positive assertion while he seems only to deny, and entertains a conviction for which he has no sufficient warrant.

It is no exculpation to allege as an undoubted fact, that corruptions do prevail in religious concerns. For where are corruptions not to be found? When did truth pass unsullied through the hands of man? Is there a single department of the knowledge which pertains to our moral life, free from human corruptions? And, in general, the more important the interest, the deeper the stain. Go to the pages of the historian, you will find darkness mingled with light. Give ear to the lessons of the moralist, you will find what to reject, as well as what to receive. Mark the career of the politician, listen to his exposition of principles, and if your admiration should be kindled, your sense of right will also be revolted. Have not the dreams of Astrology been blended, if not confounded, with Astronomical discoveries? Will it be maintained that even Socialism is as pure in the rivulets which pour forth its influences around our villages, as in the fountain itself whence these tiny streams are understood to take their rise? It requires no depth of moral insight to discover the unworthy human passions which trouble and darken their waters; nor is the gift of prophecy necessary in order to foretel, that this new philosophy will assume another and still more repulsive character, so soon as the powerful benevolence is departed with which Nature has endowed its promulgator. Indeed, truth must of necessity take a coloring from the medium through which it passes. Look at the rivers, and ask yourselves what gives them their hue. Travel from clime to clime, and notice how the same light of the skies varies in its aspect. Mix among the different nations and races of men, and see what multiform changes the essential affections of nature undergo. And does not the harvest depend on the soil no less than on the seed, and the effect of every lesson given, every page that is read, every moral and intellectual influence, take its character, almost entirely, in each individual case, from the mind by which it is received? Truth—so far as it is prevalent among men, must of necessity consist, to no small extent, of the reflexions of their own mental and moral condition. This is a universal fact; and its consequences, in the corruptions which ensue, are no more a valid plea against religion, than they are against morality. I know but of one branch of knowledge in which there is a transmission, from age to age, of pure, unadulterated truth. The mathematical sciences have to do with invariable relations, unambiguous terms, and strict demonstration; and therefore the teachings of a Euclid remain to this day unchanged after the lapse of centuries;—but in all other departments of knowledge,—wherever absolute certainty is unattainable, wherever the influence of interest or the affections intervenes, there variation is unavoidable, and declension the all but necessary consequence. It can, then, be no disparagement to religious truth, that it suffers in common with all other truth with which it is kindred. How should it not suffer? What but an inconceivable miracle could preserve a stream pure, which has, of necessity, to pass through impure channels? Let the disclosures of truth at the first, be a transcript of the divine mind itself, yet as they must have been consigned to the keeping of human beings, what absolute guarantee can we have, that the light which is transmitted to us is the untinged and uncurtailed light of God? Every mind has its own vision, sees through its own prejudices and affections, and has therefore a view which varies more or less from that of every other. Uniformity of opinion is in consequence an impossibility. Variations there must be, and if variations, so corruptions. Nor can we ever hope to approach, in our own convictions, to the truth not only as it is in Jesus, but as it is also in Plato, or Socrates, the truth of present philosophy or past events, except we ascend to the fountain head itself; or, if we are compelled to stop at any derivative source, except we make due allowance for whatever defilements the medium may have undergone. And if these observations are at all correct, so far from expecting to find a religion untarnished, which is two thousand years old, we should rather come to the inquiry with a presumption that, as it is now, so it was not in the beginning. The pure transmission of any moral influence is, so far as we can see, an impossibility; and it is the duty of every one who would be just to himself, and faithful to the claims of truth, to cleanse the religion of Jesus from the rust of ages, to purify the gold from its necessary alloy, and to be no less careful to receive and hoard the one, than cast the other away.

And here the aid comes in, which the histories of Christ supply. They present us his religion in its first developement. I do not affirm that the religion of Christ received no tarnish in passing through the minds and from the pens of its earliest recorders. But it does appear to me, that for their work they were the least exceptionable of all historians. Themselves unlettered men, with no bias from the preconceptions of philosophy, and no personal interests to give a coloring to their narrative, they were concerned only to set down what they had seen or heard; and obviously without being aware of the grandeur of the moral portrait which they drew, and without entertaining a wish either to recommend themselves by the embellishments of language, or to enforce their master's claims by defence or eulogy, they have furnished us with trust-worthy means of learning the great facts and principles which constitute the essence of Christianity. The phraseology they employed of a necessity took a hue from the current language of the day. A new system of religion had to be developed in forms of speech which Judaism had consecrated to its own service. And therefore any mode of interpretation must be vicious, which deals rather with words than facts, with details rather than principles. It is the spirit of Christ and the spirit of his religion which we are concerned to know; and in the simple record of what he taught and did—of what he aimed to effect, and of what impressions he actually produced,—in the simple record of these things with which we are, beyond a question, furnished in his history,—furnished in a language as universal as it is now imperishable, we find all that is requisite to enable us either to distinguish the religion of Christ from its corruptions, or to make 'the pearl of great price' our own.

Now in proceeding to separate the pure ore from the dross with which it is mixed, we shall do well to consider the influences to which it was from the first subjected. The treasure was, of a necessity, consigned to earthen vessels. How could it fail to take a tinge and a flavor from the vase? The Acts of the Apostles, as well as the several Epistles, combine to make it clear that human passions and a prevalent philosophy began, in the earliest age, to blend themselves with, and consequently to defile, the religion of Christ. Nor are there wanting, in the Christian Scriptures, abundant evidence to show that its first missionaries anticipated a signal departure from primitive purity, when the power of the world came to have a decided influence on the Church.

But the leaven of corruption, in the case of the religion of Jesus, took a determinate character. It suffered not merely from the ordinary weakness and passions of humanity, but from influences which, to no small extent, were peculiar to the first periods of its existence. We know, as an historical fact, that the religion of Christ was entrusted to the keeping of Jews, and subsequently embraced by Roman and Greek idolaters. Here, then, we have the Jewish element of corruption, and the Pagan element of corruption. Let us endeavor to trace the influence of each.

(To be Continued.)

For the Register and Observer.

THE FIRST STEP.

It has been well said that to religion in the soul, there is a beginning. If religion be a new life, there is an hour of birth; if it be a contest there is a first blow; if it be a race, there is a time of starting; if it be a pilgrimage, there is a first step. What is the first step?

Will it be said that the first step is to cease to do evil? But what will lead a man to forsake his sins. While he continues in sin, his mind of course is not in a state to lead him to forsake it. No one will change his course of conduct until first his principles or his affections are changed. Here then is a step before that of ceasing to do evil, a step which leads to the forsaking of sin, namely repentance.

But is repentance the first step? No man will repent of sin till he is sensible of it, till he sees the contrast between his real condition and the state which God requires. But how shall he know what God requires? From Jesus. Faith in Jesus then is what leads to repentance and to newness of life. And the first step in the Christian course is to believe in Jesus.

There are things preliminary to this it is true. Perhaps attention must be given to his claims, or prejudices against him must be laid aside, or we must use the means of grace, such as reading, attendance on worship, or prayer. But these are not properly steps in the course, they are only preparations to start upon it. No man can properly be said to have begun a Christian course, until a firm, living faith in Jesus has been planted in his breast.

This faith in Jesus is a sincere belief that he was sent of God, and that his words are true, a sincere belief so strong as to habitually influence the mind in its thoughts and actions. Such a faith at once recreates the man, gives a new purpose to his life, a new motive for his actions. His desire is then to do the will of God as revealed in Christ, for he believes that through Christ alone it is revealed. He believes that God requires him to overcome his sins and bring his soul to a pious and benevolent frame. Thus he runs eagerly the Christian course, looking to God for strength and aid as Jesus has commanded. Nor does his occasional stumbles or his occasional weariness, nor the remembrance of his indolence before he started, make him despair of reaching the prize. For he has learned that God treats as righteous all who have faith enough in Jesus to make them continually strive to obey him.

Reader I would entreat you not to treat this matter with indifference. Have you begun the Christian course? Do not deceive yourselves; God is not mocked; he will never give the prize to those who have not so much as begun the race. If you have not taken the first step, take it without delay. Lay aside your prejudice, let not your self love blind you, open your eyes to your miserable condition, and put your confidence in Jesus as an only Savior. He will doubtless receive and guide you out the dark ways of sin into heavenly glory.

Ye who believe in the Son of God, let not your faith fail. Ye have well begun, hold fast and be not weary and your reward is sure.

E. N. P.

For the Register and Observer.

PARABLES FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMACHER.

The painter and his master.

A young painter had executed a very superior picture, the best he had ever done. Even his master found nothing in it to censure. And the young painter was so delighted with it, that he did not cease to gaze on the work of his art, and he neglected his studies. For he thought he could no more be excelled.

One morning, when he expected again to enjoy the sight of his painting, he found that his master had erased every mark. Angry and weeping he ran to him and asked the reason of this strange procedure.

His master answered; 'I did it with wise consideration. The painting was good, as a proof of your progress, but it was at the same time your ruin.' 'How so?' asked the young artist. 'My friend,' answered the master, 'you loved in your picture no longer art, but yourself. Believe me, it was not finished, even though it appeared so to us, it was only a study—here, take the pencil and see what you can create anew. Be not grieved for the sacrifice. The Great must be in you, before you can bring it out on the canvass.

Immediately, and full of confidence in himself and his teacher, he seized the pencil and executed his most glorious work, The Sacrifice of Iphigenia!—The name of that artist was Timanthes!

Adam and the Seraph.

One evening Adam rested under a tree on a hill in the garden of Eden, and his face was directed upwards and looking towards heaven. And a Seraph came to him and said; 'Why lookest thou so longingly to heaven? What is wanting to thee, Adam?'—'What can I want,' answered the father of mankind, 'here in these dwellings of peace? But my eye was bent upon the stars that gleam above. And I wished for the wings of the eagle, to soar up to them, and behold nearer those shining forms.'

'Those wings thou hast,' answered the Seraph; and he touched Adam, and Adam sank into slumber, and dreamed. And it seemed to the dreamer, that he was soaring up to heaven.

When he awoke, looked around, and was amazed to find himself resting under the tree on the hill. But the Seraph stood before him and said, 'What art thou thinking, Adam?' Adam answered and said; 'Behold, I was high up in the vault of heaven, and wandered between the stars, and hovered about Orion and the Pleiades, and the Wain; resplendent worlds, great and glorious as the sun, rushed by me—that white path which thou seest above, is a sea of light full of shining worlds, and beyond this light sea is another, and still another. And on these shining worlds, dwell beings like me, and adore the Lord and praise his name.—Seraph, didst thou lead me?'

'This tree,' answered the Seraph, 'has overshadowed thee, and on this hill has thy body reposed. But behold, Adam, a spirit dwells within thee, which can mount beyond the chain of worlds, and, the higher it rises, the more profound its adoration before Jehovah. Son of the dust, honor and guard this Seraph, that sensuality may not lame its wing and chain it down to earth.'

The Seraph spoke and vanished. J.

Confession without repentance, friends without faith, prayer without sincerity, are mere loss.—*Italian.*

THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

I remember vividly the circumstances of her departure. Consumption had already done its powerful work. Unlike many who are smitten with this disease, she preferred to die in the bosom of her family. Why should the stag, pierced to the heart in its own thickets, seek refuge in deeper glades to bleed to death? It is a wrong idea, this, of searching in a land of strangers for health, which is 'clean gone forever.' How many are thus yearly cut down in the midst of their wanderings! In some desolate chamber they lie in the agonies of death. No soft hand presses their brow; no familiar voice whispers in the ear; no cherished friend performs their funeral obsequies. Death is indeed bitter under such circumstances, being without its usual alleviations. It is a great consolation to die at home,

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Even from the grave the voice of nature cries;
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

There is something dreadful, yet beautiful in consumption. It comes stealing on us so softly and so silently. It comes too, in the garb of mockery and deception, and clothes its victims in beautiful garments for the grave. The hectic flush, the snowy brow, the brilliant eye: who could believe that these were death's precursors, the signet of the conqueror? It invests the patient with a preternatural patience and sweetness under suffering, keeping alive at the same time in her breast the illusion of hope.—Even in her moments of keenest suffering, she looks forward to the days of returning happiness, and while the worm is forever preying at her core, and her tender form becomes each day more feeble and attenuate, she hails before a gilded prospect, and the mind and spirits are buoyant with the thought. But when the fatal struggle has at last commenced, how sublime is the spectacle! To behold the immortal mind so calm, so tranquil, and so triumphant; waxing brighter and brighter, while the tenement which contains it is but a poor, fleshless skeleton; to behold the eye beaming with undiminished lustre towards the object of its affection; until the soul at last, bursting the charnel vault which has too long confined it, takes one triumphant bound. Then is the body still and silent. The feather is unruffled by the breath, and the glass retains its polish; for dust has returned to dust again, and the spirit unto the God who gave it.

It was a tempestuous night. The rain poured down in torrents. The lightning gleamed luridly. At midnight I entered the apartment. A solitary taper gleamed dismally on the hearth. The forms of those in the room appeared like gleaming shadows, flitting to and fro. A stifled sob and the ticking of a watch on the table were the only sounds; and they struck like a barbed arrow to my heart. I observed her hand beckoning. Her head was raised with pillows. A smile shot from her glazing eyes. She essayed to speak. I bent down my head with eagerness, to catch the last whisperings of her voice. There was a pause. She made a signal to those about her to suppress their emotions, as they valued her last legacy. The sobs ceased, the groans were scarcely audible, and the tear stood still upon the cheek of the mourner. 'Ah, that is kind,' she began, in a voice as soft as music. Nature must have her course. The fountains of grief were too full. They burst the barriers which prudence would fain have erected, and poured forth in a torrent, sweeping all before them. A cry, long, loud and piercing, filled the apartment. She cast back a look of sorrowful reproach.

She arose in her couch. A paroxysm of coughing seized her. She writhed for a moment in convulsive agonies, and then fell back upon her pillow. A gleam of lightning, bright, dazzling, appalling, shot though the casement. She was DEAD! 'Let us pray,' exclaimed the Rev. pastor, and with one accord the assembly knelt, while at the noon of night he offered up a fervent prayer. It was short, but clothed in the poetic language of the Scriptures. It spoke of the silver cord being loosed, and the golden bowl being broken. It was finished.—We arose from our knees, cast one look at the emaciated form of the departed and left the apartment.—*Knickerbocker.*

Ballston Centre, May 18, 1840.

To the editor of the Albany Argus:

Dear sir—The Temperance movement is still onward in Ireland, and the interest in it, instead of diminishing is rapidly increasing, and spreading over the whole country.—From a Dublin paper just received, we learn that Father Matthew continued to go from place to place, administering the pledge, and that the people appear ready *en masse* to promise everlasting abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

In the city of Dublin, 60,000 took the pledge in one week. Loughrea and neighborhood 51,460. In Portuma, 30,000 took the pledge the first day of Mr Matthew's visit, and 50,000 in the second, making in all 80,000; many of the higher classes, protestants as well as catholic, united. As Mr Matthew was to leave this place at half past 6 A. M., he was engaged from daylight of the third day till the time of his departure, in administering the pledge to thousands who had not taken it on the two previous days. The paper states 'that between Galway and Loughrea, and the road to Portuma, from 180,000 to 200,000 persons took the pledge.'

In the vast assemblage, not a single accident of any kind occurred, nor was a drunken man seen. The plan for administering the pledge and ascertaining the number of those who received it was, to assemble them in regular ranks. Says an eye witness at one of these places, 'As Father Matthew recited the words of the pledge, I was at a loss, whether to admire more the morality of the sight or its solemnity, for the pledge was at the same time repeated by the lips of 7,650 on their knees.'

Of the 800,000 persons to whom Father Matthew has administered the pledge, within a few months, not one has yet been known to have broken it, or to have been brought before a tribunal of justice for any criminal offence. Whenever this extraordinary man administers the pledge, he admonishes the people of the nature or the promise they are about to make, and the inviolability with which it should be observed. He exhorts them while casting off the yoke of intemperance, to abandon also every other vice, such as rioting, faction, fighting, private combinations, illegal oaths, taking of fire arms, serving threatening notices, &c. &c. He exhorts them also to forget religious animosities, to live in peace with all, to observe the laws of God and man, to respect the powers that be, not from fear, but for conscience sake.

The following petition has been presented to the House of Commons by Daniel O'Connell. The people of Great Britain begin to tremble in view of their responsibilities in raising a revenue, by commissioning about 100,000 individuals throughout the kingdom to bring crime, pauperism and untold burthens upon the whole community. It has been estimated that the three kingdoms of Great Britain suffer a yearly loss directly or indirectly of at least £200,000,000, or about $1,000,000,000 from the traffic in, and use of intoxicating drinks:

'To the hon. and right honorable the Commons of Great Britain, in Parliament assembled.

Respectfully Prayeth—

That your honorable house will be pleased to take into immediate and serious consideration the propriety of a complete relinquishment of all duties arising from intoxicating drinks. The use of these articles is confessedly productive of an immense amount of crime, misery, disease, and destitution. In fact it is only necessary to refer to your police, magistrates, governors of prisons, &c. in order to be satisfied that a very large proportion of the crime committed in the United Kingdom is owing to the use of these drinks. The deep misery and the deplorable destitution which they cause, can never be known except by the Sovereign Lord of all. Your petitioners, therefore, implore your honorable house no longer to raise any revenue for the support of the British empire from this polluted source. By refusing to touch such unholy proceeds you would brand the traffic in intoxicating drinks as too disgraceful to receive profit from it. It would in consequence soon be given up by honorable men, and the noble efforts now making by the people to get free from their drinking customs, would receive such encouragement from your honorable house as would strengthen them in their virtuous resolves. Your petitioners respectfully pray that no consideration of loss of revenue may induce you to refuse granting this prayer. Your honorable house can readily devise other sources from which any loss can be supplied, and which will not be stained by the blood and tears of thousands who are annually destroyed by drinking customs.'

It is the *social* drinking usage of Ireland that has done so much injury to the people. Solitary drunkenness is hardly known in the country. But not to treat, and be treated, has heretofore been considered as showing a want of kind and liberal feelings. It is from this great mistake that the Irish people have been all but destroyed. But thanks to the light recently shed upon this pernicious custom, by Father Matthew, the habits of the mass are being changed, and it is no longer such a fearful thing in Ireland to refuse to treat or be treated. Once an Irishman would sooner face the cannon's mouth, than refuse to drink with a friend; and I would ask many of my own countrymen whether it is not from a like feeling, rather than from a love of intoxicating drinks, that they still keep the wine bottle on their tables, and that too, often to the ruin of their children?

Respectfully yours,

E. C. DELAVAN.

For the Register and Observer.

There is one duty which every one knows and recognizes as such, and yet how few, how very few of us perform it as we should! I allude to the proper observance of the Sabbath. I have said that this was by every one acknowledged as a duty, but alas! do many of us observe this holy day as we should and as its divine founder intended it should be observed? And O, can we complain that we do not more grow in grace and virtue, that we are not better men and better Christians, and that we bear so little resemblance to that perfect man whose law and whose wish we Sabbath after Sabbath violate? Dare we blame any one, anything but ourselves alone for this? On that day in a peculiar manner, every influence tends to devotional aspirations, the solemn stillness which reigns around us, the deep tones of the distant church bell, the subdued warblings of the very birds chanting their Creator's praise, all, all alike proclaim that this is the day which the Lord has hallowed for man's improvement; and yet I ask, (and I would that each one might seriously make the same inquiry) why is it that with all these things favoring as they do religious meditation and improvement why is it that we are so little better, so little nearer heaven for the recurrence of this holy day? However we may endeavor to answer this inquiry, with whatsoever plausible reply our lips may be furnished, there is, there can be but one true answer. *It is owing to ourselves*, it is because we seek to drive away all profitable thoughts from our hearts, it is because we will *not* commune with Jesus, it is this, and nothing else, which prevents our making a full day's journey towards Heaven. The thorns are suffered, nay, aided to choke the good seed. How can we hope for sweet converse with Heaven if we never even pray for it, if indeed there is no day which we do really and truly set apart that Jesus may indeed draw nigh unto us? How can we ever expect to derive benefit from the gospel he has imparted to us for our salvation, when perchance there is no book we read so little, when on the Sabbath we read the same books which we are accustomed to do on any secular day. We indeed live so in the midst of blessings that we become insensible of their existence, if we never esteem it our duty, at any set time to thank God for them and to pray for their continuance. The blessings the mercies of God are lost upon us, they do not produce within us the intended effect, if unthought, as they are also unrealized. But O, were this day observed as it should be, life itself would wear a new charm, its effects would be manifest to all around us, there is not a familiar object about us, which would not wear a different aspect because of the influence of this blessed institution upon our hearts. No longer should we complain of the coldness of our love towards our Maker. No longer should we need some wonderful incident or miraculous event to elevate our thoughts in silent, yet fervent aspirations to his throne. Our affections would ever be centered upon him, our hearts would at all times overflow with gratitude and praise; for who can one day out of seven, sincerely and prayerfully read our Master's word and adore his goodness, and not feel his heart burn within him as Jesus seems to talk with him by the wayside of life? It is an opinion which I hold with many of the wise and good, (and yet which if true, it is surely for the interest of every one to reflect upon it,) that never was the Sabbath spent as it should be spent but that its benignant influence colored our every thought and action throughout the week succeeding, and on account of the proper use of that single day, each successive amusement or occupation is enjoyed, because we feel that in some sense we are worthy to enjoy it. Renounce this institution, and you deprive the Christian faith of a shield without which the battles of the church cannot well be fought. Could our sainted fathers, who crossed the vasty deep, that they might here acceptably worship the God of the Sabbath, could they, I say, have known in what light many of their children would have regarded this day, would they not have been disheartened in their great undertaking and fainted by the wayside. This is an institution for which they would have freely shed their blood. May we by a scrupulous observance of all its requisitions, show to all men that we too are mindful of our forefather's example and our Savior's mandates. F.

[From the Common School Journal.]

MANAGEMENT OF DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN.

The Summer schools of 1840 are about commencing. The contingency of incalculable good or incalculable evil depends upon their managemennt. The district which has secured the services of a teacher of skill, fidelity, or, in one word, competency, will be rewarded by incalculable good; but the district which has been guilty of neglect, in securing these qualifications, will be punished by incalculable evil. The neglectful parents will suffer, but the innocent children will suffer still more. In their behalf, we speak. We [illegible] of the following [illegible] principles to be observed, in the government of a school, and some processes for its instruction, from which we hope they will derive aid, in their most interesting and responsible employment.

The management of disobedient children is one of the most difficult of duties, whether in school or at home. In this branch of government, ignorance and bad temper run into mistakes, as certainly as water will run down hill. They cannot proceed rightly. It requires all possible prudence, calmness, consideration, judgment, wisely to govern a refractory child. It is a common saying, that anger should never be manifested towards the young or the insane. This, though true, is but a feeble expression of the truth. Feelings of wrath, madness, are as absurd and incongruous, in the management of a disobedient child, as they would be in a surgeon, when amputating a limb or couching an eye. Suppose we were to witness an operation upon the human eye, and the oculist, as he approached his work, should begin to redden in the face and tremble in the joints, to feel all the emotions and to put on the natural language of wrath; and should then spring upon his patient, like a panther, and strike his knife into the eyeball, at hazard;—should we call this *Couching*, or *Gouging*? But are the moral sensibilities of a child less delicate in their texture, than the corporeal senses? Does the body require a finer touch and a nicer skill, than the soul? Is less knowledge and discretion necessary, in him who seeks to influence the invisible and immortal spirit, than in him who operates on the visible and material frame? Is the husk more delicately wrought than the kernel? No; as much more exquisite as the painting is, than the frame, or the jewel, than the casket, so much more excellent is the soul, than the body it inhabits; and he, who does not approach it in this faith, wants one of the essential prerequisites for acting upon it wisely. Firstly, then, let teachers discipline their own feelings to the holy work, they have undertaken.

Teachers have their severest trials with disobedient children. To instruct the beautiful, the affectionate, the intelligent, the grateful, is unalloyed delight. A school, composed entirely of such, would not be earth, but elysium. But to take an awkward, gawky, unclean, ill-dressed, ill-mannered, ill-tempered child, and to work up an interest in it, to love it, to caress it, to perform a full measure of duty to it;—this draws upon all the resources of conscience, virtue, and religion. Yet, in the eye of true benevolence, of Christian duty, this class of children presents the dearest of objects,—the first to be attended to, the last to be forgotten. They are at an immeasurable distance from the 'Image,' to whose similitude they are to be brought; and their restoration to the 'Divine likeness' is a work, only inferior, in quality and in difficulty, to an act of original creation. For such a great work, great efforts are requisite. A band of the highest motives must be summoned to the task. The teacher must stand, like an angel, by the wanderer, and reclaim his wayward steps. Love is one of the most potent agencies, with children who have never known the luxury of being loved. Perhaps the

child has inherited a defective organization from vicious parents. We know that God has implanted hereditary tendencies in the constitutions of men, in order to furnish to parents a motive for obedience to his laws, and to punish those who transgress them, not only in their own persons, but in their love for their offspring. The liability to deteriorate goes with the capacity to improve. But, when a child suffers under this hereditary curse, is it a reason why the teacher should inflict upon it the further curse of severity or unkindness? Perhaps the child has been badly governed, at home, or at some previous school; has suffered under the cruelty of rigor, or the cruelty of indulgence. Can a humane and just teacher say, that this calamity shall be the very means of bringing down upon it another calamity? Rather, with every benevolent mind, does not this constitute the highest claim to compassion? It should inspire greater tenderness. It is the title to good will, not a forfeiture of it.

The motive of interest, also, coincides with the motive of duty. If the teacher truly consults his own ease and comfort, he will treat the less amiable children, in his school, with great kindness and regard; because, by this course of conduct, he will save himself from a vast amount of labor and vexation, in the end. When he knows that wounds actually exist, the true question of policy, with him, is, whether it is better, even for himself, to inflame and aggravate, or to soothe and heal them. At a Common School Convention in Hampden county, we heard the Rev. Dr Cooley relate an anecdote, strikingly illustrative of this principle. He said, that, many years ago, a young man went into a district, to keep school, and, before he had been there a week, many persons came to see him, and kindly told him, that there was one boy in the school, whom it would be necessary to whip, every day; leading him to infer, that such was the custom of the school, and that the inference of injustice towards the boy would be drawn, whenever he should escape, not when he should suffer. The teacher saw the affair in a different light. He treated the boy with signal kindness and attention. At first, this novel course seemed to bewilder him. He could not divine its meaning. But, when the persevering kindness of the teacher begot a kindred sentiment of kindness in the pupil, his very nature seemed transformed. Old impulses died. A new creation of motives supplied their place. Never was there a more diligent, obedient, and successful pupil; and, *now*, said the reverend gentleman, in concluding his narrative, that boy is the Chief Justice of a neighboring State. The relator of this story, though he modestly kept back the fact, was himself the actor. If the Romans justly bestowed a civic crown upon a soldier, who had saved the life of a fellow-soldier, in battle, what honors are too great for the teacher, who has thus rescued a child from ruin?

One great error, in the management of untoward children, consists in expecting too much from them, at once, and immediately. Time is an important element in the process of weakening and subduing bad principles of action, as well as in the growing and strengthening of good ones. All actions proceed from some internal faculty or propensity; and it is not in accordance with the course of Nature, to expect that an overgrown and over-active propensity can be reduced to its natural size and vigor, in a day. Whenever a child has yielded to an impulse to do wrong, but has been induced, by expostulation or discipline, to do right, the peculiar circumstances, under which he was tempted to the wrong, should be avoided, if possible, until the resolution to do right has had time to be confirmed; that is, those faculties or sentiments of his nature, from whose ascendancy we hope improvement and reform, must have time to grow, and to become superior to their antagonists, if we expect they will prevail over them. Our views, on this point, will be best illustrated by an example.

In an American note to the translation of an excellent French work, by Madame Necker de Saussure, entitled, 'Progressive Education,' there is the following story:

'Mrs L. was teaching her little daughter, between two and three years old, to count upon her fingers. The child went on, very well, to ten; here she stopped. The mother said 'ten,' and added, 'you must remember, the next time; it is the little finger, and when you call the one before it nine, you will then think of ten.' The process of counting was recommenced, but, having said nine, the child laughed, and affected ignorance. The mother began to look serious, and said, 'ten,' which the child repeated several times, successively, after her. But, so soon as the counting was renewed, the child stopped at 'ten,' waiting for her mother to tell her. At first, the mother thought she might have forgotten, but, being at length convinced that she was obstinate, she began to treat her with severity; telling her, in the first place, that she would punish her, if she refused to call the ten when she came to it, and at length seating her, in disgrace, at a distance from herself. After a long course of discipline, varied in different ways, the little girl, who had maintained perfect self-command, said, 'I will be good, I will count ten.' She then began, and when she came to this number, as if making a violent effort to conquer herself, she said 'ten,' and burst into a violent fit of weeping. Her mother soothed her, and told her how much better it was to be obedient than to be wilful, and how she had been pained, to be obliged to punish her. She then required, that she should repeat the counting, many times, in order to confirm her obedience. Soon after, the child's aunt, Mrs W., entered the room, and her mother desired, that she would show her aunt how many she could count. The child began; but, when she had said nine, her face reddened, and her countenance expressed the same determination, as she had before shown. 'What is the next, mamma?' said she. Her aunt, who understood the case, said, 'Come with me,' and took the child into her apartment; considering, very properly, that the last offence was towards herself. Several hours of probation did the little creature suffer, before she would again yield. Yet she was calm, very polite, and obedient in most other things.'

Here, is the case of a little girl, 'between two and three years old,' learning to count ten, on her fingers. In most things, she is 'calm, very polite,' and obedient;' and, in counting, she prospers very well, until she comes to the number *ten*. Being told what that is, and that the little finger is to be called *ten*,* the counting is recommenced; but, after having said, *nine*, she 'laughs, and affects ignorance.' The mother now 'looks serious,' and soon 'threatens severity.' 'After a long course of discipline, varied in different ways,' continues the story, 'the little girl says, "*I will be good, I will count ten.*" She then begins, and when she comes to this number, as if making a violent effort to conquer herself, she says, 'ten,' and bursts into a violent fit of weeping. Her mother soothes her, tells her how much 'better it is to be obedient than to be wilful,' &c., and the counting is then repeated, successfully, many times. So far, we do not feel much disposed to find fault with the management of this little girl, 'between two and three years old;' although, as the omission to say *ten*, in the course of the counting, originated, on the part of the child, in mere playfulness, it is not difficult to say, who brought on the quarrel. But, whoever was first in fault, nothing could stand better, than the case did, at that point. The little child had repented, and resolved to obey, and, what was still harder, she had declared her resolution, and, like a noble little heroine, had addressed herself to the work, and, when she came to the crisis, she made a violent effort, and triumphed;—undoubtedly putting forth as high an act of moral courage, as old Archbishop Cranmer did, when he thrust his right hand into the flames, because it had signed the recantation;—so great an effort, indeed, that, from the exhaustion of the struggle and the joy of success, she burst into a 'violent fit of weeping.' But the aunt, '*who understood the case*,' then entered the room, and the child was required, again, immediately, to count ten, in the aunt's presence; that is, after yielding the point of independence to her mother, alone, she was subjected to the humiliation of repeating the act, in the presence of another. Here, was a concerted preparation, even of more trying circumstances, than those under which the original offence (if it was one) had been committed; and the child, who had just summoned all her affection and her sense of duty, and exerted them to the utmost, was commanded, in this state of exhaustion, to repeat the act, which had been so difficult, before; and, because she did not do it, she was taken from the room, and made to 'suffer hours of probation.' In our view, this course was about as wise, as it would be to twist and pull a broken bone, which had not been reset more than three minutes, by way of seeing if it had not become strong, as soon as it was splintered. Doubtless, if the second counting had been postponed until the next day; until the feeling, which prompted the original opposition, had subsided; until the child had realized, in full, the pleasures, which followed obedience, and a restoration to the mother's affection, it would then have been, not only unresistingly, but joyfully done.

Are not great mistakes committed in the government of children, by acting upon the supposition, that they can grow strong in virtuous resolutions, *in a single day?* This, it is true, would save the teacher all further trouble. But, if all our active affections, whether good or bad, are the result of growth, then opportunity must be allowed for the seeds to germinate, after they have been sown. Every body knows, how tenacious of life the Lombardy poplar is. Its twigs, cut off and stuck into a sand-bank, will throw off roots, and grow. We once knew a boy, who cut off a great number of these twigs, and set them out in the garden, that they might grow and form an arbor;—but, every morning, for a fortnight, he regularly pulled them all up, to see if the roots had started. At the end of the fortnight, he gave up, in despair; *and so did the twigs.* The boy's conduct is necessarily imitated by all those parents and teachers, who think they can take out a wrong inclination from a child's mind, and substitute a right one, by a single act, just as they can take one weight from a scale, and supply its place with another. If, however, all good purposes in the mind are the result of growth, the seed must first be sown, and then all those circumstances attended to, which will warm, and foster, and nourish it.

We have space and time, at present, but for one more idea. No parent or teacher should ever issue a command, without the highest degree of certainty, that it will be obeyed. To command a child to do, or to abstain from doing, what, under the circumstances, he will probably refuse to do or to abstain from doing, is as false to duty, as it would be in a general to engage, voluntarily, in a battle, when he was exposed to certain defeat. In directing a child to carry a burden, we consider his age, his size, his strength. None but a tyrant would command him to bear a weight, beneath which he could not stand. This principle applies to moral efforts, with far greater force, than it does to physical. Where the moral sense is weak, and the selfish propensities strong, we must begin, in regard to the former, with the lightest conceivable duties. Present no temptation to the child, which he has not strength to overcome. Let the temptation be increased, only as the power of resistance is strengthened. In this way, the capacity of a child to resist only the weakest seductions may grow, until his soul is clad in moral mail against the most powerful temptations. But, alas! who, in the present state of the public mind, on the subject of education, has wisdom and skill, sufficient for these things?

* In this, there was an *intellectual* mistake, for it would teach the child, that *ten* was the name of the little finger, instead of a *number*.

For the Register and Observer.

The publication of a few volumes of Gaelic poems, nearly a century ago, aroused the energies of the whole literary world,—but a record of Jewish history, has been lying for some weeks before us, and the press has scarcely adverted to its claims. I cannot say how many criticisms may be in preparation, how many pens are even now busied with the subject, but those of us, who are incapable of judging of the original manuscript, and are dissatisfied with the evidence contained in the preface in regard to its authenticity—have been waiting with impatience to receive the first public impression of its merits. Is it possible that criticism deems it beneath her notice, and thinks that none but the ignorant and credulous will be deceived by it—or does she consider its intrinsic merit with the details accompanying its publication, a sufficient proof of its high authority? Few will be satisfied with the latter, and ignorance and credulity are waiting for the light which doubting wisdom may throw upon the truth. The letters from very eminent scholars, which precede the work, tell us nothing of the original Hebrew, but that it is 'very pure,' confining themselves simply to the consideration of the justice done to it by the translator, and giving us no information in regard to the time at which it is supposed to have been written, or its probable source. Even a fabrication, purporting to be the Jasher of the Scriptures, must possess a strong interest for the Hebrew scholar, and the work before us, if really deficient in authority, would seem to be that of a novice in deception. If printed in the original at Venice, more than two centuries ago, where has it been lying since, and if its publication were approved and aided by the Great Consistory of Rabbins, why has it ever died out from the remembrance or use of the Jewish Church. It certainly *was* printed, both at Venice and Lemberg, for the Editor has both editions in his possession, yet we are told nothing of the degree of attention given to them by the learned of the earlier part of the seventeenth century—nothing of their subsequent fate. The original Hebrew is said to be distinguished by the simple majesty which so eminently characterizes the common version of the Bible, and the English reader will wish that the Biblical idiom were more frequently adhered to in the translation. His heart clings to the very imperfections in that idiom and he must regret that 'has' and 'you' have usurped the honors of 'hath' and 'thou,' and that the purity of the English has seemed to the translator to require the substitution in many cases, of the adverb 'exceedingly,' for the more powerful if less correct 'exceeding.' The translation of Jasher does not read like that of Holy Writ, and one cannot recognize in its pages that power and purity of language which so eminently distinguish even the Chronicles of the Lives of the Kings of Judah. But passing over all that better befits the pen of a more sapient critic, there is in the work much beauty, much quiet power, and exquisite narration which lie open to the view of every English reader, much too that is new, that throws light upon the mental experience of men, with whose actual deeds our Bibles have rendered us familiar. How simple is the account of the dissensions which preceded the murder of Abel of the impulses of the selfish heart, which offered to the Deity, the inferior fruits of the earth, and then indignant at the justice which disclaimed the unholy oblation, became jealous of the sincere worshipper. How readily the trifling offence of Abel, exasperates the inflamed spirit, and how confiding and true is the just man, in the argument which follows. Cain slew his brother with the iron of his plough, and the 'Jasher' less scrupulous in its notions of repentance than the Scriptures, tells us of tears shed over the first grave which were hardly fallen, ere the first murderer denied his guilt. The story appeals the more strongly to our sympathies—that daily experience tends to convince us, that man, even now, seeks to slay his brother, for nought but because he speaketh rightly to him, and that if the iron of the plough be not made the instrument of his anger, libel and slander are.

There is certainly much to interest the antiquarian, the scholar and the theologian in this translation. The Editor does not pretend to invest it with Divine Authority, but the whole volume breathes a spirit of devotedness, and if it come with no other claim upon our attention than that of tradition, it is at least worthy of impartial consideration. C. W. H.

For the Register and Observer.

REV. JOSEPH TUCKERMAN, D. D.

A good and great man has fallen in our midst, and it seems to be truly befitting a Christian and grateful community, to evince in all proper ways, its sense of gratitude towards its departed benefactor. We have been gratified therefore, to learn that so useful and good a man and minister as Rev. Dr Tuckerman has not been permitted to pass away without exciting a proper sensibility, and calling forth just and proper tokens of respect. It is understood that the Junior Pastor of the Federal Street Church, the Pastor of the New North Church, and the pastors of the Pitts Street and the Suffolk Street Chapels, have each addressed their respective congregations, with whom the deceased was more particularly connected as a Minister at Large or as a Parishioner, in discourses which have done appropriate and ample justice to the talents, labors and worth of this distinguished philanthropist.

It was our pleasure on Tuesday evening last to attend a commemorative service of a more public character in connection with this event, before the 'Association for Religious Improvement' in this city, of which for many years, Dr T. was a devoted and useful member. This service was originally intended to have been a private one, as all the other meetings of its members are,—but so strong was the desire, as expressed by many, to be present on the occasion, that the Pitts Street Chapel was opened for the purpose. It was entirely filled. The service was simple, appropriate and improving. It was opened with prayer by Rev. R. C. Waterston, one of the Ministers at Large. Singing followed by the Choir, in the words:

I heard a voice from Heaven
Say, 'Blessed is the doom
Of those whose trust is in the Lord
When sinking to the tomb.
The Holy Spirit spake—
And I the words repeat—
'Blessed are they'—for after toil,
To mortals rest is sweet.

A discourse was then pronounced by Rev. F. T. Gray, who had been long associated with and was the immediate successor of the deceased. It was a rapid sketch of the life, labors and character of the Rev. Dr Tuckerman. The prominent incidents of his life were noticed in their order,—his birth in this city, in 1778,—his early studies at Phillips Academy, Andover,—his preparation for college with Rev. Thomas Thacher of Dedham,—his graduation in '91 with the highest honors,—his preparation for the ministry,—his settlement at Chelsea 1801,—his peaceful and successful labors with that people for twenty-five years,—his removal to Boston with enfeebled health,—his early writings on the missionary enterprise,—his connexion on his arrival in the city with the Association for Religious Improvement and the American Unitarian Association under whose auspices he commenced his labors as a Minister to the Poor,—his efforts, discouragements, perseverance and final success in the establishment of the Ministry at Large,—his Reports on Pauperism,—his connexion and labors with various other benevolent Societies in this city—the Houses of Correction and Reformation, the Farm School, the Sunday School Society, the Primary School Committee, the Howard Benevolent Society, the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism, and others, in whose behalf he exerted so great and deserved an influence,—his sickness, his visits to foreign places for the restoration of his health,—and finally his decease at Cuba, which was characterized by the same spirit of faith, resignation and love which he had always manifested through life,—were all brought in review in a manner soothing alike to the mourner, and breathing throughout the spirit of perfect truth and sincerity.

The delineation of his character was confined to a few points, but these were brought out with great distinctness and force, especially his strong faith, confidence and trust in God, together with his benevolence and love for the prisoner, the poor, the friendless and the forsaken; and their justness and fidelity were responded to by every hearer. Some of the closing passages, coming warm from the heart, were truly thrilling and affecting,—and the appeal to the Members of the Association to hallow his memory by imitating his virtues, and by cherishing and continuing his labors to the poor, was such as to imbed itself in the feelings of every soul. This tribute to the memory of this good man and highly useful servant of God, was precisely such as was to have been expected from the intimate relations which had subsisted between the speaker, and the subject of his eulogy, and from the deep interest which the former has always manifested in the great and benevolent enterprise to which Dr T. had devoted and sacrificed his life.

At the close of the discourse, the Choir sung another pensive and solemn air to words read by Rev. J. T. Sargent, another of the Ministers at Large:

Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above,

and the service was closed. We hope the discourse of Mr Gray, or some other written memorial of Dr T. will be issued from the Press in order to satisfy public expectation and feeling. P.

For the Register and Observer.

If the Editor of the Christian Register should choose to publish this article on Dr Tuckerman, it would possibly gratify some of his friends; and furnish, what has not yet been supplied, some notices in the way of Memoir of his life.

Monday, June 15.

REV. DR TUCKERMAN.

Dr Tuckerman was a native of Boston—the son of a worthy and respected citizen, who raised himself to affluence by an honorable industry.—and was born in 1778. Partly at the academy in Andover, and partly as a pupil of the Rev. Thomas Thacher of Dedham, for whom, as his early preceptor, and afterwards as his Theological instructer, he cherished a grateful respect, he was prepared for Harvard University, of which he became a member in 1791—and received his first degree in that University in 1798. Of his class-mates, were the Rev. Dr Channing, the Hon. Judge Story, and his intimate friend and companion, the amiable and lamented Josiah Salisbury, with others honorably known in this community. After completing his Theological studies at Dedham, he commenced the public labors of his profession, and was ordained at Chelsea, in the immediate neighborhood of this city, November 4, 1801. Here he remained in the faithful discharge of his ministry, devoted in no common degree to his small but affectionate flock, till the autumn of 1826; when his health, which had never been vigorous, declining, he requested a dismission from his charge, and preaching his farewell sermon on the Sunday of November 4, 1826—just a quarter of a century from the date of his ordination, he removed to Boston, where, with occasional intervals of absence, for his health, he resided till within a short period of his death.

Previously to his removal from Chelsea, his thoughts had been directed to the condition of the poor, and to the necessity of a fuller provision than at that time had been made for their spiritual wants. The subject of domestic missions, and the prospects of Christianity in India, particularly occupied his mind. To this latter subject he was chiefly directed by the writings, character, and services of Rammohun Roy, whose reputation and works had reached our country; whom he had the happiness of meeting in a subsequent visit to England, and with whom he maintained an affectionate correspondence.

Of the origin, progress, and benefits of his ministry to the poor—that peculiar and appropriate field of his labor—this community are already so well informed, that no additional notice here can be required. He commenced this ministry in 1827; and it might be a grateful and encouraging task to survey its small beginning in an obscure and retired chamber, in contrast with its present condition, its spacious chapels, its attentive congregations, and the various gifts and widely-extended influence of those who have in succession devoted themselves to this work. To Dr Tuckerman belongs the honor of originating this ministry in Boston; and he had the satisfaction long before his death of witnessing from it many precious fruits. Multitudes of the poor and afflicted, of the tempted and spiritually destitute; of strangers who were friendless, and were compelled to confess 'we have no certain dwelling-place;' of widows, whose earthly stay and prop were taken; of children, who in their touching appeals for help, might say—'We are orphans and fatherless—our mothers are as widows;' of the unworthy, too, and abandoned, the intemperate and the dissolute, who had 'ceased from the temple,' and were strangers to the peace of God's Sabbath and the blessed encouragement of prayer; who had lost their self-respect, and with it their generous confidence in their fellow-creatures—these, and such as these, were in their turns, and according to their necessities, the objects of his paternal counsels, of his disinterested charity, and his hearty prayer. And there are multitudes even now, in this city, who thankfully remember—as indeed they have great reason—his friendly sympathies, his faithful warnings, and in instances, we believe, not a few, the good fruits that followed them. While, doubtless, there are those, who having gone before him to a world, for which his ministry had helped to prepare them, will greet with a joyful welcome their spiritual friend and father, and bless the counsels that had guided them thither.

But Dr Tuckerman's services for the poor have at no time failed of an honorable notice. Possibly there are those, who, much as they may value them, may be disposed to think, that with some characteristic tendencies in our community, to extravagant praises of what we deem praise-worthy, they have already received due honors. For ourselves, were we required to select that period of his life to be regarded with the highest respect, it would be the period of his long and devoted ministry in yonder village. He became the Pastor of Chelsea† when he had but just entered 'the manly age,' and might have entertained prospects more flattering to youthful ambition. But in that small, and at that time retired, village, he spent full twenty-five years of the strength and vigor of his life; and with what industry, fidelity, and trueness of purpose, with what improvement, also, of his gifts, he devoted himself to his flock, and fed that church of God—they who were the objects of his pastoral care can testify.

It is easy to sustain arduous duties amidst the encouragements of multitudes, and especially amidst the sympathies and praises of the wise and good. We have reason to acknowledge the kindness and the wisdom of our Creator, in supplying such aids to our feeble virtue; and He, our Judge, only knows how far these subordinate helps unite themselves in any of us with higher considerations. When, then, I consider the comparatively narrow sphere of our friend's early labors, how little it could have yielded of those encouragements, which they enjoy largely who address crowded assemblies, hanging on their lips, and whose labors, many or arduous as they may be, are cheered by applause, and quickened by public friendly observation, I cannot but regard Dr Tuckerman's ministry at Chelsea as a beautiful manifestation of the fidelity of his spirit—and to my mind the most unequivocal evidence, that he would not, and did not, live to himself.

It belonged to him, as has been well illustrated of another able and devoted citizen, recently departed from among us,‡ to *do every thing with his whole heart*. His temperament allowed him in no indifference in any cause he undertook; and sometimes betrayed him into a fervor or extravagance of utterance, which strangers might mistake for affectation, or with which, minds of less enthusiasm could by no means sympathise. But he was animated unquestionably by a sincere 'love of souls,' and by a deep piety, which was the spring of his actions, and ever manifest in his life. Perhaps it should be said, that it was the commanding principle within him. It inspired his filial reverence of God, a profound submission to his pleasure, under those allotments of personal infirmity and domestic bereavements, to which he was at no time a stranger; and it was the living fountain of his kindness to his fellow-creatures. He felt, and he habitually acted upon the principle—that 'he that loveth God must love his brother also.'

The closing year of his life furnished frequent occasion for his submission and filial trust. Months of pain and infirmity were allotted him: and he was called to meet the last summons amidst strangers at a distance from his home. But the kindnesses he had shown to others were returned in large measures to himself. He felt, that even in a foreign land, he was not alone, because the Father was with him. Though he was not without some natural wishes to return, and to die among his friends, he still felt that all is right and all is kind under the perfect government of God; and to Him, whom he had served with his whole heart in the gospel of his Son, he meekly resigned his spirit.

* It was the desire of Dr Tuckerman that he might be buried in his own family tomb: and his remains, having been embalmed by the physician, at whose house in Havana, he found a most kind reception, and of whose professional skill and tenderness he had large experience, were brought to Boston, and deposited, until the day of the funeral service, under King's Chapel. They were thence conveyed to Mount Auburn.

† Before the opening of the Bridge and of the Salem Turnpike, Chelsea was approached by water, by a common sail boat; and by land was at the distance of six miles from Boston.

‡ See Dr Greenwood's sermon, recently published, on the death of John Lowell, LL. D., from the text, 'In every work that he began in the service of God, and in the law and in the commandments, he did it with his whole heart, and prospered.'

For the Register and Observer.

Mr Editor,—There is one view of the doctrine of the Atonement, which I believe has never been presented, that shows its absurdity in a manner so striking, as cannot, I think, fail to carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind.

The ground work of this doctrine is as follows. It is said that the law of God is immutable, and must be executed at all events—that his authority must be maintained, and his truth and justice vindicated. The subsequent repentance and reformation of the sinner can avail nothing, as the law having been violated, the penalty denounced by it must be inflicted. In order, however, to save the sinner and yet secure the execution of the law, and the infliction of the penalty, a substitute is introduced in the person of Christ who is said by his death to have borne the punishment denounced against the sinner. In this way, the law is said in effect to be executed, and the authority of the lawgiver maintained. And his justice and truth to be illustrated. And it makes a part, also of this doctrine, that sin being an infinite evil, and implying infinite guilt, required an infinite atonement, which was effected in the person of Christ, he being 'God manifest in the flesh.' The doctrine of the Atonement in this case, therefore, rests upon the doctrine of the Trinity as an essential foundation, and also upon the fact that Christ as God died on the cross, that is, in his divine and not in his human character, since to make the atonement infinite, a being infinite in his attributes, or God himself, must suffer and die.

Now let us examine this doctrine under this view of it. The law is, or said to be, that the sinner must die, or be eternally punished. To execute such a law, common sense would say, the sinner himself must be punished, he must suffer the penalty. But according to the doctrine of the Atonement, he himself is not punished, but some one else who did not sin—he does not suffer the penalty, but some one else who has not incurred it. How then is the law executed,—how is the penalty inflicted,—when they both relate to the sinner himself, who escapes both?

Again how is the authority of the lawgiver, maintained, and his justice and truth illustrated?

By the supposition, the lawgiver, and the Being who suffered are the same person, such being the doctrine of the Trinity. The lawgiver then is the one upon whom the law is executed, and who endures the penalty, and not the lawbreaker. Is this a vindication of his authority, to have the law executed upon himself, and not upon the one who has broken it? Is this an illustration of his justice, and truth, when he is said to declare that the sinner shall suffer the punishment, and afterwards, instead of inflicting it upon him, he actually suffers it himself? What would be thought of a human government, which should endeavor to maintain its authority in this way, to inflict the punishment upon the Rulers, upon the lawmakers, instead of the subjects and lawbreakers?

And what would be thought of its truth, who in this way falsified its own denunciations, and of its justice, who let the innocent suffer instead of the guilty.

If there ever was a doctrine marked by utter absurdity, and at war with all the principles of justice and common sense, it is the doctrine of the Atonement, according to the Calvinistic system. And it would oblige me if some of the believers in this system, would examine the view I have here taken of it, and show how it can be relieved of such absurdity and injustice.

A.

Hearts may agree, though heads differ.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JUNE 20, 1840.

MR GANNETT'S SERMON AT THE INSTALLATION OF REV. JOHN PARKMAN, AT DOVER, N. H.

It is the purpose of this discourse to show that the doctrines, which distinguish the various sects of Christians are unimportant, that the essentials of religion are common. The true light, that warms, nurtures, quickens and sanctifies, shines impartially on all within the sphere of its beams. We believe the proposition can be triumphantly sustained, and enforced with a demonstration and power which few will be able satisfactorily to resist. Its truth begins to be more and more felt and distinctly recognized. Thoughtful and good men of all denominations begin to feel and acknowledge, that the *peculiarities*, for which such fierce conflicts have been waged, are of little worth. They wonder how the pious and wise of past times could have imagined them so *very* important. They now repose on those great and glorious truths that receive universal assent. In them alone can they find the true bread of life, spiritual nourishment, strength and consolation.

Partisan theologians begin too to feel the effects of this spreading idea. They are conscious that their power is departing, and that their sceptres are breaking in their hands. They cry aloud, but their voice is little heeded. They blow the trumpets of their several Zions, but few prepare themselves for the battle. They pronounce the consecrated words, and discover that their mystic energy has gone. The reign of religious demagogues is nearly over, and the time not far distant, when one vast denomination will be formed, composed of the sincere and devout of every party. It will be impossible much longer so to impose on the charity and intelligence of men, as to persuade them, that petty peculiarities are of any great value. The essential is common. It is so in all things, relations, destinies, in every department of the higher welfare of humanity. The endowments that are essential to the attainment of true happiness, dignity and glory are common to all men. Of how little value are the superior gifts imparted to a few individuals, in comparison with those, which are bestowed on all, which constitute the image of God and bring the humblest into fellowship with the spiritual universe. It is so in the dispensations of Providence. The higher advantages of a few are of little value in comparison with the privileges, means and opportunities that are common to all. What is vast wealth when compared with the capacity of thought and feeling? What the science of a Newton when compared with that knowledge of the holy, which his servant can easily gain? What the teachings of universities when compared with the teachings of life, nature and God. Who would give a fraction of his humanity for fame, or his ability to love the amiable, good and great, for a throne? The greatest distinction of the most fortunate and exalted man is that he is a man. Why then, while God in all his ways, in his works and providence, is preaching and impressing the truth that the essential is common—should we suppose the reverse the case in religion, in relation to man's moral and everlasting welfare? Why should we suppose that *here* the distinctive, the peculiar is the most essential? It is not so. It is weak and wicked to imagine it for a moment. In this interest as in all others the essential is common. Those truths that are necessary to develope, purify, strengthen and adorn our nature, to fill it with peace, joy and power, are common to all fair and honest minds. They are easy of apprehension. It is hardly possible to misconceive them. Their influence is diffused abroad like the atmosphere—not confined to vestries and conference halls, or divinity schools. They mingle their influence naturally and sweetly with the tendencies of all our better energies and affections. They gently press and envelope the soul, and follow us wherever we go. They are a cloud by day and a fire by night, and ever nigh unto each one of us. They have been preached by all the great prophets and priests of humanity. Earth is their footstool, heaven their throne, and their cherished residence, every pure heart. With God they pervade, penetrate and quicken the moral universe. Away then with the miserable notion that the peculiarities of the dogmatic theologian are of any worth. It is preposterous and blasphemous, and only fitted to freeze the heart and degrade the intellect. The truth, which the ignorant, but honest and pious peasant has gained, which he clearly perceives and strongly feels, is of more value, contains more moral, sanctifying power than all the technical theology, taught by all schools and in every age since the death of Christ. If all the books, written by sectarists, in elucidation and defence of their distinguishing peculiarities, were burned, the world would not be the poorer. The truth that is common to all denominations, is the only essential truth. Why then, it may be asked, labor to spread Unitarianism? We answer, not so much to diffuse truth as to destroy error. But we shall resume the subject at another time, and show that it is more pernicious to believe too much than too little. The world has believed, as well as been governed, too much.

THE YOUNG MAIDEN, By A. P. Muzzey, author of the Young Man's Friend, Sunday School Guide, &c. Boston: William Crosby & Co. 1840.

We are not disposed to esteem very highly works of this character. An abundance of good advice makes but slight impression on the mind or feelings of the young, and does them not much good. What they need is not instruction so much as principle. The great moral elements of their nature must be developed. Excite in them a thirst after righteousness and spiritual glory, open their minds to perceive the beauty and grandeur of holiness, and about all is done for them that can be done. But books like this have little tendency or ability to effect any thing of the kind. Noble deeds, great characters, quickening truths, pure and powerful influences, whether coming directly from heaven, or from those whom it has more richly gifted, are what is most wanted. Precepts, rules, exhortations, relating to the particulars and details of conduct, can do but little. If the soul is not filled with living, moral energy, the righteousness they cherish and promote is worthless. They may beget moral pedants, but not the true children of the kingdom, who are born from heaven. What the young want is regeneration, spiritual energy, the power of godliness. Whether books of this kind are fitted to produce such results, is not a difficult matter to determine. They may be of some use however when properly appreciated. But when they put forth pretensions to guide the young into all perfection, when they assume an equality with the teachings of God and his prophets, we feel somewhat disturbed. We have supposed that the Bible may be a sufficient Teacher, Guide and Friend in all that relates to the moral culture and welfare of the young. We have however read portions of the 'Young Maiden,' with much interest and satisfaction. It is written in a lively, pleasing style, and contains much that can hardly fail to be of profit to those for whom it is designed. It is pervaded by a spirit of deep, trustful, cheerful, piety. We think it will be generally allowed to be among the very best of its kind. We commend it to our young friends, not only to be read, but studied and practised.

We give an extract relating to the religious influence of women.

Look at the church of Christ. Who are they that confessed their Lord before men, in the early ages of the gospel? 'Within a few years after Christ, the Christian martyrologies are full of the names of female sufferers, who for Jesus' sake, went to the stake, with all the courage and inflexibility of the apostles.'

Whence come the majority of church communicants? Let woman reply. She, who encountered danger and death, and who inspired man to do likewise, has always been prompt to profess her faith at the table of her Lord, and give her influence to the honor of his visible church. Had this work been left to the other sex, where had been now this goodly fellowship of avowed believers? Should woman ever forsake her Master, or shrink from bearing his name at the altar, it would portend gloom, decay and desolation, to the fair fabric she now so devoutly upholds.

To the female sex we owe a large share of the benefits resulting from the present enlarged means and methods of religious Education. Not only in the day school, and at the fireside, but in the Sunday School, we find this sex occupied in one of their most hallowed services, the training of the young. Difficulties occur in securing and retaining the aid of male teachers in the Sabbath School. The heart of man is not always so disengaged from the world, and so intent on the calls for a pious benevolence to the young, as to come cheerfully and punctually to this divine work. But our female teachers are prompt to assume, and unwearied in the discharge of, this function. What were the institution, without the spirit of woman, operating on its vital principles, toiling and praying, and sacrificing herself, to save those 'little ones' whom Jesus loves?

'Meekly ye forfeit to your mission kind
The rest of earthly Sabbaths.—Be your gain
A sabbath without end, 'mid yon celestial plain.'

Let me add, that the Benevolent Enterprizes which mark the train of Christianity, have received much of their support from woman. Previous to the coming of Christ, public charities were nearly unknown. Among the names of the disinterested women of the first century, who were 'full of good works, and alms-deeds which they did,' stands that of Dorcas. Her example was not lost on the ages that followed. And in the Catholic Church, the kind, self-denying labors of the 'Sisters of Charity' are worthy of all commendation.

To whom, but to this sex, are we indebted for the sacred and sympathetic services rendered by the multiplied Benevolent Associations and Institutions of our own age? So long as the Orphan has a tongue to tell of her deeds, or the sick-bed of Poverty can show a gleam of gratitude, or the Seaman's heart shall beat and glow, they will testify, that it is woman who is God's high-priest of mercy to the suffering. Legislation may appropriate its thousands for the Blind, the Dumb, and the Insane; but how poor were its consolations, did not she who knows best how to smooth the pillow for the aching head, and cheer the spirit in its heaviness, administer to each sufferer the public bounty? Who can estimate her influence in originating, and directing, in co-operation with man, and in giving its final efficacy to every blessed charity, that springs from the soil of Christianity?

Such being the influence of women on all the great interests of humanity, how can she exert it? Is there any peculiar inference to be drawn from the possession of this mighty power? No candid mind can deny that it involves Responsibilities, corresponding precisely to its extent. To whom much is given, of them much is required. Were this sex of insignificant moment in the world, then might they plead an exception from its duties and obligations. But now the burden presses on them, and no individual can cast it lightly from herself.

DEDHAM PULPIT: or Sermons by the Pastors of the First Church in Dedham, in the 17th and 18th Centuries; with a Centennial Discourse by the present Pastor. Boston: Published by Perkins and Marvin. 1840: pp. 517. 800.

This is a volume compiled by the Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, D. D., Pastor of the New Church and Society at Dedham; together with a discourse by the Rev. Author, on the 200th anniversary of the gathering of the First Church. We are informed in the preface, that this is a complete collection of the Sermons published by the ministers of the First Church in Dedham, from 1639, to 1800. As historical documents, and as a specimen of the style of preaching of the early ministers, they are of considerable value. The object of the publication, we are informed, is 'a desire to preserve the history of the ancient church; or, it might be said, to identify the author's own-society with the First Church, which he labors hard, though unsuccessfully, to prove. We are told, to be sure, that 'this rank has been uniformly and cordially granted to it by all the *evangelical* churches, with whom *we* have fellowship and correspondence.'

It appears strange, to say the least, that, after the lapse of twenty-years, this question should be revived, for the purpose of identifying a seceding portion of the First Church, who saw fit to embrace different views; and to hand down to posterity the idea that the seceders were the original church.

In the tabular statement at the end of the volume, we find that Mr Burgess is set down as the successor in the ministry to Dr Bates over the First Church—though his ordination did not take place till some two and a half years after Mr Lamson's. At the same time, the churches in West Dedham, Dover, Needham, Walpole and Medfield, which then had 'fellowship and correspondence' with the First Church still hold the same relation with the church over which Mr Lamson is Pastor, and which the Supreme Judicial Court has adjudged to be the First Church.

Besides, in the volume, we find a sermon by Rev. Jason Haven, delivered in 1792, at the ordination of Mr Palmer of Needham, then, and now an Unitarian society. Mr Haven also gave the Right Hand of Fellowship at the ordination of Mr Thacher in West Dedham, of whom it has been said that he left a clause in his will in regard to his successor in the ministry, that the parish should have the right to dissolve the connexion with their pastor, if he should at any time embrace or preach and propagate the sentiments of the Calvinistic or Hopkinsian creed. Mr White was ordained at West Dedham in 1814, on which occasion Mr Mency of Walpole gave the Charge and Mr Bates of Dedham the Right Hand of fellowship.

We have looked over this volume with much pleasure, and are glad that these ancient documents have appeared in a new dress. But we can see no evidence therein of the identity of the new society in Dedham with the First Church, except it is so stated on the title page of the last discourse in the volume. The position of the churches in the neighboring towns, which now hold 'fellowship and correspondence' with the 'ancient church,' shows conclusively, that the First Church in Dedham was not of the 'evangelical' order, so called. We cannot perhaps, better take leave of this book, and set the whole matter right, than to give a short extract from one of the three historical discourses, delivered by Rev. Alvan Lamson on the completion of the 200th anniversary of the First Church, Nov. 1837, and published in 1839.*

When Dr Bates was invited to the pastoral office in this Church, it was the common impression, I believe, that in his views of Christian doctrine he belonged to what was called the moderate or rational school, and that in his measures and general tone of preaching, he would not appear in the character of an innovater. That such was the expectation here, I learn not only from persons on the spot, but from others, who were intimate with the counsels of the Parish, or of the leading members of it at the time, and many corroborating circumstances might be adduced, if needed. For a little time, nothing seems to have occurred to disappoint this expectation. But it ere long became apparent that the Pastor's views had been misapprehended, or that he had changed his sentiments, or his policy. Of the latter he was accused, and not without some show of reason. Certain it is, that he gradually withdrew from ministerial intercourse and exchanges with a portion of the clergy, whom the people had been accustomed with pleasure, to hear in this place, and who belonged to the liberal party, as it was then termed; while the young gentlemen from a Theological Seminary in a neighboring [illegible] were frequently introduced into the pulpit.

This, and other indications, not to be mistaken, of growing exclusiveness, were viewed by a large portion of his people with deep regret. They had too much moderation and Christian forbearance to become fomenters of discord, but they believed that they had serious cause of dissatisfaction and complaint. Other circumstances, no doubt, combined to produce, at length, a state of feeling not friendly to a long continuance of peace in the relation of Pastor and people. Such a state of feeling evidently existed, and when Dr Bates, being chosen President of a College in the State of Vermont, asked a dismission, the request was granted without hesitation.'

*See 16th vol. Mass. Reports pp. 488—522. The arrogance with which this decision is set aside by the Rev. Mr Burgess, is only equalled by the pertinacity, and that is truly wonderful.

Hints to Sunday School Teachers, in a series of Familiar Lectures. By a Pastor. Boston; James Munroe and Co. 1840. pp. 100.

This little volume is the work of Rev. Thomas B. Fox of Newburyport, and is the result of mature observation and experience, growing out of the peculiarly intimate relation sustained by its Author to the children and the Sunday School under his charge. He has made the religious culture of the young the prominent object of his ministry, to a degree beyond the capacity of many of his clerical brethren, and has acted upon the theory that the members of a Christian congregation can be roused to self-culture, and sustained in a state of religious activity, in no way so surely, as by enlisting all their disposable energy in behalf of the lambs of the flock. Though with regard to the degree of prominence to be given to this object, there might be between ourselves and him a question of more or less, there is none with regard to its prime importance; and we welcome these 'Hints' from a quarter, whence they may come with an authority adequate to forestal respectful and candid attention.

We have examined divers Sunday School Teacher's Guides and Manuals; but have never been satisfied with any. They all lay down certain technical forms and organizations as the one thing needful,—they speak of the Sunday School as something possessed of a sort of mystic worth and talismanic efficacy apart from its 'living foundation-stones,'—they prescribe a sort of ritual of holy baby-talk and child's play worship, as if heartless, senseless mummery and chit-chat were, to the infant soul, 'the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation.' And we believe that there are many Sunday Schools conducted on this plan, which, by giving belittling ideas of all sacred things, and making a mere pastime of religious instruction, are training up a race of juvenile blasphemers. This is the case with those schools, where facetious story-telling is made a chief means of grace, and the accumulation of cabinets of dried insects, shells and gewgaws a prime test of success and progress.

We like the little book before us, because it prescribes no ritual, spreads no Procrustes' bed, forges no shackles for child or teacher. It lays down a law of perfect freedom. It starts with the axiom,—'The teachers are the school, i. e. the Sunday School has, in its mere outward form, no worth, or potency; or sanctifying virtue; but, whatever it is, it must be through the intelligence, piety, fidelity and skill of its individual teachers. A child is none the better off for going to a Sunday School; but, if he is to be benefited, it is by having his own mind and heart brought into intimate converse with the sound and well furnished mind, with the devout and affectionate heart of the elder friend, who stands in the place of teacher to him. Starting from this idea, Mr Fox simply lays open the field of inquiry and effort presented to the teacher, the degree of his responsibility, and the nature of the instruments with which he is to work, recognizing the teacher's own individuality, his right, or rather duty, of private judgment and independent action, and the necessity of employing various gifts and means according to the various characters and wants of the pupils. The book is a suggestive one, and adapted both in its subject, and its style, to awaken in the Christian teacher habits of reflection and a deep solemnity of spirit. It presents the various topics taken upas subjects, on which he is to think, decide and act for himself, and on his own responsibility. It will find little favor with the numerous automaton class of superintendents and teachers, but we would cordially and earnestly recommend it to all, who believe and feel that 'the teachers are the school.'

For the Register and Observer.

HYMNS OF THE MORNING AND EVENING.

NO. I.

BY O. W. WITHINGTON.

I.

This feeble Heart!
Which Thou, O Lord, hast put in tune,
And struck its trembling chord—how soon
Its better thoughts depart.

II.

The Morning hears
Its Hopes, its Wishes—its Desire;
Night looks on its extinguished fire,
And its repentant tears.

III.

How vain and cold,
How dim and all unworthy Thee,
The tale of Duty seems to be,
Its Memories unfold.

IV.

A careless tongue—
A flight, how very close to Earth—
A dream of Joy, a tale of Mirth—
Is still its Evening song.

V.

For Thee above—
Too often this faint Heart of mine
Less fervent seems—than at the shrine
Of some vain, earthly love.

VI.

O! breathe within
Its feelings a more earnest tone;
In Thee—with Thee begin.

VII.

And then no more
Shall coldness—darkness on it rest;
But Truth shall be its welcome guest,
And teach it to adore.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

At a special meeting of the Sunday School Society on Monday Afternoon, June 8th, Dr J. F. Flagg of this city was chosen President of the Society to supply the vacancy occasioned by the decease of the Rev. Dr Tuckerman;—and the Rev. J. P. B. Storer of Syracuse N. Y. one of the Vice Presidents in the place of Dr Flagg.

The Officers of the Sunday School Society are now as follows; viz:

Dr J. F. Flagg, *President.*

Vice Presidents

Rev. Henry Ware Jr., Cambridge Mass.
Hon. S. C. Philips, Salem.
Rev. J. F. Clarke, Louisville Ken.
Rev. S. G Bulfinch, Washington D. C.
Rev. J. Allen, Northboro', Mass.
William P. Rice Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio.
J. W. Foster Esq., Portsmouth N. H.
Rev. J. P. B. Storer, Syracuse N. Y.
Rev. A. B. Muzzey, *Corresponding Secretary.*
James H. Weeks, *Recording Secretary.*
Lewis G. Pray, *Treasurer.*
Rev. F. T. Gray, *Agent.*

A PLEDGE.

We have received a communication requesting us to redeem a pledge, we have given concerning admissions to our churches. We have given no pledge of the kind. It must have been done by the friend, who so ably and faithfully performed our duties during several week's absence. He is now on a journey—when he returns, we are confident he will redeem his pledge to the satisfaction of our correspondent.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

American Tract Society.—The foreign appropriations of this Society are very extensive, and the probability is that in many cases its efforts are useful. We give a few passages from the 15th Annual Report, in which an account is furnished of the appropriations of tracts for various missionary stations.

In *Spain*, Nevins's Thoughts on Popery have been extensively distributed, and find many to read them,—though they have brought against them the wrath of the Catholic Church. The tyrannical authority of the priests seems to be every day growing less. In some instances the political papers had attacked the priests for their bigotry.

In *France* there are between two and three hundred tract distributors called Colporteurs, plain, unpretending but thoroughly religious men, who visit the people from house to house, conversing with them and distributing bibles and tracts. These are a kind of *Lay Missionaries*, principally Calvinistic in their faith, and they are believed to exert a great influence in weakening the hold of the Catholic faith upon the people. We are told indeed, that 'Whole Villages are deserting the Roman Catholic standard and demanding a simpler and purer religion.'

In *Belgium*, and various parts of Germany; in Hungary, Bohemia, Austria, and Italy, Calvinistic tracts are circulated.'

In *Russia* about 10,000,000 pages of tracts were published last year. We are told that they are published in Russian, Estonian and Finnish,—and that their circulation is effected in various ways, especially by sales at the great fairs in the interior. Some of these tracts reach the tribes of Siberia, 4000 miles east of St. Petersburgh.

In Syria, in Greece, in Asia Minor, and in various parts of India, great numbers of tracts are printed and distributed, and interesting accounts are given of the eagerness with which they are often received and read.

The principal distribution of all these tracts is effected by the funds of the various missionary stations. The Tract Society, though from the manner in which it is spoken of, has the appearance of extensive operations, has no further connexion with them than merely that of the appropriation of certain sums of money for aiding the Tract establishments of the missionaries.

Opium vs Christianity.—Almost the first word uttered by a native of China, when urged to listen to Christian instruction, is [says Rev. Mr Medhurst) 'Why do Christians bring us Opium? That vile drug has poisoned my son,—has ruined my brother;—go and persuade your countrymen to relinquish this nefarious traffic, and then I will listen to your exhortations.'

The Opium War.—It is encouraging to believe that a large portion of the Christian public in England regard the Opium war, in the same light in which it is viewed by the benevolent and discriminating of other Christian countries,—as 'an unprovoked, mercenary, wicked attempt to force upon China a poisonous drug, against which she has shut her ports.'

Even in the House of Lords, the ground is boldly taken by some members, that the 'hostilities in preparation cannot be defended in the eyes of the civilized world.' Some of the public papers have borne their testimony against it. A correspondent of the Scottish Guardian has come out in decided opposition, and thus exposes the secret of the whole movement.

No attempt at mystification and disguise can prevent the common sense of the people of England from rightly understanding the great but humiliating truth, that this country has been plunged into the most inglorious and dishonorable of wars by opium smugglers, and the influence which those who employ opium smugglers exercise upon the national councils. The extent of this influence, and the confidence the guilty parties have of impunity, may be estimated from the fact, that the East India Company have ordered the continuation of the cultivation of this deadly poison for the supply of China in 1841, and that they have publicly advertised the following sales of this drug for the present year (1840.)

January 6,	6,000 chests.
February 10,	3,200
April 21,	4,500
May 26,	2,400
June 30,	2,892

Among those who demand compensation for their smuggled opium, which was confiscated, are the following:

Jardine, Matheson & Co.	7,341 chests
Ditto, for Alexander & Co.	487
Dent & Co.,	1,723
Daniell & Co.,	1,465
Russell & Co.,	1,437
Macvicar & Co.,	1,146

The wealth possessed by these and other interested parties, and the money they have at stake, will explain why so much of the public press advocates the sacrifice of the blood and treasure, and the Christian character of Britain, to this opium war, and why the moral feeling of this country has been outraged by a statement in the House of Commons, that 'the war was popular with the nation!'

I rejoice, however, to observe the wide-spreading feeling of indignation through the country against the war amongst all classes, not blinded by interest or party prejudice—a war which, according to all human calculation, must do more to stop the march of Christianity amongst heathen nations, than the efforts of all the missionary societies in the world will repair for ages.

African Colonization.—At the late anniversary of the New York City Colonization Society, the following resolution was unanimously adopted.

'Resolved,—That the clergy and churches of every religious denomination throughout the Union be earnestly requested to unite their contributions for the cause of Colonization on the 5th of July, the Sabbath immediately succeeding the anniversary of our National Independence.'

It is understood that the Slave Trade has been prosecuted during the past year to an unexampled extent, except where it has been prevented by means of Colonies along the coast,—and it is now generally conceded, by those who have most attentively observed the course of events, that the establishment of Colonies along the coast is the only mode which under Providence gives hope of the final suppression of the inhuman traffic.

On the strength of these impressions it is that the Observance of the above resolution is earnestly recommended.

British & Foreign Bible Society.—The thirty sixth anniversary of this society was held in London, May 14th. The receipts amounted, during the year, to £111,449 13s. 1d., the expenditure to £110,174 7s. 7d. We hope by the next arrival to obtain a more full account of the operations of the Society for the year.

London Missionary Society.—The annual meeting of the London Missionary Society was held May 14th, in the great room, Exeter Hall. The meeting was one of the most crowded of the season, the hall being filled in every corner with ladies, and the platform with gentlemen. Sir George Grey, Bart., took the Chair, and presided until 1 o'clock, when his official duties rendered it necessary that he should quit the meeting. The secretary read the report, which was of a highly satisfactory nature. The number of the Society's missionary stations is at present 361; the number of missionaries 156; and the number of assistants, natives and English in foreign parts, 451. During the past year 28 new missionaries have been sent out, with their wives and families. The number of the societies churches is at present 101; the number of communicants 9,966; and the number of scholars 41,752. The receipts for the year have been £91,119 19s 10d.; and the expenditure, £82,197 0s. 4d. It was announced by Mr Garthwaite that the munificent sum of £10,000 had been made over and placed in trust for the society by a resident in the manufacturing districts, who most nobly gave this splendid donation anonymously. It was also stated by the same gentleman that two farms in Lancashire had been made over to the society, and the annual proceeds, amounting to £200, secured to the funds. Two of the directors present gave £100 each, and the treasurer the like handsome sum. The boxes were handed round during the meeting, and a very large sum of money collected. One individual put £20 in the box.

Constantinople, May 18.

The Jews in Damascus.—M. Cremieux has addressed to several of the Paris papers a letter containing the official report from the Austrian consul at Damascus, relative to the late horrible persecution of the Jews in that city. This document, which is of extreme length, gives a full account of the whole affair; the main facts of which our stated just as we have from time to time given them to ore readers. It appears, however, that the person who principally directed the examinations of the torturing Jews, was the French consul, M. Ratti Menton, aided by some other French residents. The Austrian consul, M. Merlato, considers his colleague to have acted rather on the suggestion of others, than from his own impulse on this occasion; but he states that when the Jews had been subjected to some dreadful tortures, and had not acknowledged any thing, M. Ratti Menton demanded that they should be tortured over again which was done accordingly. The Austrian consul also states, that the subordinate agents employed in this melancholy affair against the Jews, were men of infamous character at Damascus; and he adds that all the Jewish merchants ultimately retracted the acknowledgments they had made.

Another aged and Venerable Clergyman.—The Norfolk Democrat of the 6th inst, published at Dedham contains the following paragraph.

The Rev. Dr. Harris, of Dorchester preached at the Meeting house of the first church in this town last Sabbath. In the course of this afternoon discourse which was based upon the words, 'Our fathers! where are they?'—he mentioned that *forty-nine years and four months* had elapsed, since he first preached in that place. Dr Harris exhibits all the vigor of intellect which belongs to men in the prime of life, and his discourses are delivered in an effective manner, remarkable for a person who has arrived to his age.

Salem Bible Society.—At the annual Meeting of the Bible Society of Salem and its Vicinity, held on Wednesday, June 10, the following gentlemen were chosen Officers for the ensuing year, viz:

Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, President.
Rev. John Brazer, D. D. Secretary.
E. H. Payson, Treasurer.
Trustees—Rev. Brown Emerson, D. D., Hon. S. C. Phillips, Rev. Samuel M. Worcester, Frederick Howes, Esq.

INTELLIGENCE.

Harmony Grove Cemetery.—A rural cemetery has been laid out at Salem, which was consecrated on Saturday last, by religious exercises and music, and an address, appropriate and impressive, was delivered by Hon. D. A. White, and prayer by Rev. Mr Emerson and Rev. Mr Sewall of Danvers.

A part of the musical performances consisted of the following hymn by Rev. Dr Flint.

From thee, O God, our spirits come,
Enshrined in breathing clay,
Mysterious guests, not here at home,
Nor destined long to stay.

Nature, from her maternal breast,
Nurtures the living frame,
Till summoned hence, the stranger guest
Returns to whence it came.

When of its life-guest dispossessed,
Th' appointed goal attained,
Her bosom folds in dreamless rest,
The form her fruits sustained.

Be these sequestered haunts, of mound
And slope, of dell and glade,
Approached, henceforth, as hallowed ground,
Where life's pale wrecks are laid.

Yet o'er these wrecks, in loveliness
These scenes shall yearly bloom,
Type of the soul's etherial dress,
Heaven wrought beyond the tomb.

O why then mourn, that earth to earth,
And dust to dust is given?
'Tis but the spirit's second birth,
Its coronal for heaven.

Though dear the dust, that once was warm
With life, the spirit gave,
We dont not on the perished form,
That moulders in the grave.

We yield the body to its doom,
The dust in dust to lie;
Yet we may deem beside the tomb
The spirit hovering nigh.

And oft our steps shall linger near,
Till death the veil remove,
And kindred spirits, sundered here,
Be joined in deathless love.

Refusal of Pardon for Rathbun.—The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of the 1st. instant, contains a highly interesting, but very long decision by Governor Seward, upon a petition for the pardon of Benjamin Rathbun, the great Buffalo forger. The petition was supported by the names of several thousands of citizens, scattered over several counties, who certified their personal acquaintance with Rathbun and expressed a warm and generous sympathy in his favor. His excellency prefaces his decision by an interesting review of the extraordinary career of Rathbun at Buffalo, his enormous transactions in real estate, banking, building, &c., &c., in which his daily disbursements exceeding $10,000—his enterprise, usefulness, public spirit and influence; and he very feelingly alludes to his 'aged and respectable parents, and a wife even more eminent for her virtues than her misfortunes, who are involved in the consequences of his conviction.' In view of all these considerations, and the extensive sympathy with the following sensible conclusion: 'It would be altogether inconsistent with the public welfare to grant pardons to all those for whom as much could be offered, at least as plausible as that so prominently presented in this case. And yet if such considerations are suffered to prevail in behalf of Benjamin Rathbun, it would be injustice to deny them force in any other instance. The very circumstances which have induced so much exertion in his behalf, have excited public attention to his case, which is well understood throughout the whole community, and has unfortunately become a part of the history of the State. For this reason I deem it certain that there is no other offender whose pardon would so much impair the public confidence in the firmness, impartiality, and energy of the administration of justice. His conviction was necessary to maintain the sway of the laws, and rights of citizens, and to vindicate the dignity and honor of the state. I reluctantly add that it seems to be a case in which the effect of that conviction must not be impaired by the exercise of the Executive clemency.'—*Sun.*

Population of Worcester.—We learn from the National Ægis that the population of the town of Worcester, according to the new census, 7060, being an increase since 1830, of 2892, but a decrease since 1837, in consequence of the depressed state of business, and the decrease of manufacturing operations, of 57.

Yankee Enterprise.—The project of establishing a regular steamboat communication along the Pacific coast of South America, from Valparaiso to Panama, is soon to go into operation. The honor of this important enterprise belongs to an American citizen, Mr Wm. Wheelright, of Newburyport, Mass. formerly United States Consul at Guayaquil.

Application has been, or will be, made to the Legislature of Connecticut, at its present session, to incorporate a Company for the construction of a Rail Road from New Haven to the New York line at Sawpits; to be continued, by a N. Y. Company, till it meets the Harlaem Rail Road.

United States and Texas Boundary.—The Commissioners on the part of the United States and Texas, for marking the boundary between these two nations, met at Green's Bluff, on the Sabine river, on the 15th of May, in pursuance of the adjournment which took place in March last, for the purpose of allowing each of the two Commissioners an opportunity to refer to his government a disputed question which was raised as to the proper point of commencement of the line, and whether it should run along the western bank of Sabine pass and lake, or along their middle from the sea to the head of said lake.

This question has been decided, sustaining the Commissioner on the part of the United States in the position originally taken by him, that is, the line will be commenced at the point where the Sabine discharges its waters into the sea, on the Gulf of Mexico, and will proceed thence along the bank of that river (including under that term what is called 'Sabine pass' and 'Sabine lake') until the said western bank intersects the 32d degree of north latitude, and thence by a due north line to Red river.

This secures the United States in the exclusive jurisdiction over the waters of the pass and the lake in as full a manner as over the rest of the river as far up as the 32d degree of latitude, which is altogether in accordance with our view of the true intention of our original treaty with Spain of 1819, which constituted the basis of the conventions with Mexico, in the first place, and with Texas afterwards, for the demarcation of this boundary.

The work will be pushed, with a view to the completion of as much of the line as shall be practicable this summer.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

Slaves Emancipated.—Mr Upthegrove of South Carolina passed through this city a few days since, on his way to Clinton Co., (whither we recommended him to go,) with eleven colored persons whom he had just emancipated.—His object in bringing them to a free state and setting them free was to save them from falling into bad hands. Conscience as well as humanity had something to do in the matter. He is an old man, rather poor—much attached to his people—could not bear the idea that they would ever suffer him to come to want. Nor do we believe that they will. On the same day on which he set his slaves free, a gentleman from Mississippi emancipated five. And some time during last week thirty-seven colored persons who had just been liberated in Tennessee by the will of a gentleman whose name is unknown, passed through this place on their way to Indiana.

A friend of ours was lately conversing with a wealthy and highly respectable citizen of the South, the owner of a large number of slaves. He was conscience smitten. No subject weighed more heavily on his mind than slavery. He thought that it would shorten his days. He was in the habit of treating his slaves like a father;—which brought upon him much persecution. What to do he did not know. He had heard of Dr Brisbane's course, and pronounced it noble.

We ardently hope that he may yet be obliged by his conscience to take the same course which has been adopted by Mr Birney, Dr. Brisbane and others, and which has caused the blessing of those who were ready to perish to come upon them. Were this gentleman to emancipate his slaves the effect would be electrical.

Conscience, the mighty agent to which Mr Slade in his speech, so happily alludes, is doing its work at the South. God grant that the abolitionists of the free states may engage in no course of action which shall paralyze its awakening energies.—*Philanthropist.*

Diplomatic Correspondence.—The following is a copy of the correspondence relating to the present forwarded to the President of the United States by the Imaun of Muscat:

To his Excellency Martin Van Buran, President of the United States of North America, Washington:

Sir; Hope the Almighty God will protect you, and keep you in good health. From this part of the world, having no news to communicate them to your Excellency; and whenever opportunity offers for this place, we shall be happy to hear from your Excellency. With anything that we can do for you, little or plenty, shall feel happy.

Written by the order of His Highness.

SEYD SEYD BIN SULTAN BIN AHMED.
Imaun of Muscat.

SEYD BIN, Calfaun.
Dated Muscat, 25th Dec. 1839.

The President, of course, could not accept the presents tendered by the Sultan; but sent him a very complimentary letter, as follows:

To His Highness Seyd Bin Sultan, Imaun of Muscat, Martin Van Buren, President of the United States—Greeting;

Great and good Friend: By the hands of Ahmet Ben Haman commanding your Highness's ship Sultanee, I had the satisfaction of receiving your Highness's letter of the 19th of the Moon Shawal, and 1,255 of the Hegira.—It has been a source of lively satisfaction to me, in my desire that frequent and beneficial intercourse shall be established between our respective countries, to behold a vessel bearing you Higiness's flag enter a port of the United States, to testify, I hope, that such relations will be reciprocal and lasting.

I am informed that Ahmet Ben Haman had it in charge from your Highness to offer for my acceptance, in your name, a munificent present. I look upon this friendly proceeding on your part as a new proof of your Highness's desire to cultivate with us amicable relations: but a fundamental law of the Republic, which forbids its servants from accepting presents from foreign States or Princes, precludes me from receiving those your Highness intended for me. I beg your highness to be assured that, in thus declining your valuable gift, I do but perform a paramount duty to my country, and that my sense of the kindness which prompted the offer is not thereby in any degree abated.

Wishing health and prosperity to your Highness, power and stability to your government, and to your people tranquility and happiness, I pray that God may have you, great and good friend, in his holy keeping.

M. VAN BUREN.

By the President:
JOHN FORSYTH, Sec'y of State.
Washington, May 8, 1840.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Pierpont, Mr E. Kirkland Rugg, of Canton, to Miss Helen M. Williams.

By Rev. Mr Young, John B. Dale, U. S. N., to Jane Anne Hutchings, only daughter of William Hales Esq.

By Rev. Dr Frothingham, Rev. H. G. O. Phipps, of Cohasset, to Miss Mary C. eldest daughter of Mr Hazen Morse, of Boston.

By Rev. Mr Burnham, Mr Henry Hobart, to Miss Susan Wentworth.

In Dorchester, on Tuesday evening, by Rev. Mr Hall, Mr Lemuel Clapp, 2d. to Miss Charlotte Tuttle, both of D.

At Danvers, by Rev. Mr Sewall, Mr Healey Morse to Miss Harriet N. Adams.

In Wayland, by Rev. Mr Sears, Mr Thomas Reed, 3d, of East Abington, to Miss Achsah Wesson, formerly of Weatborough.

At Savannah, (Geo.) on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr Neufville, George Jones, Esq. of Savannah, to Mrs Mary Wallace Nuttall, of Florida.

DEATHS.

May 31, Mrs Naomi Pollard of Rindge, N. H., 79, formerly of Lancaster Mass.

In Charlestown, 11th inst., Miss Rebecca, daughter of the late Joseph Wheat, 24.

At Gloucester, Rev. Daniel D. Smith.

NEW FRENCH BOOKS.—C. C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN, 112 Washington street, have this day received by the Josephine—Beranger, Chansons, 4vo; Code de Conversation; Code Civil; Code de l'Amour; Gil Blas, illustree par Granneville; Bronet, Manual du Libraire, 4v 8vo; Paul de Kock, Moems Parissienne, 2v; La Jolie Fille de Faubourg, 2v; Dumas, Balzac, Sand, Histoire de la Conquete de l'Angleterre; Foy, Hist. de la Peninsule; Thiers, Hist. de la Revolution Francaise, 4v 8vo; De Potter, Hist. de la Christianisme, 8v 8vo Les Evangeles illustree, 8vo; Memorial de l'Artillerie 4v 8vo. et Atlas, 4to; Violette, Manipulations Chimiques: Carns, Anatomie Comparee, 2v 8vo. et Atlas, 4to; Boyer, Dictionnaire par Harmoniere, 8vo; General Study Book, 4v 8vo; Language des Fleurs; Sands Spiridion; Puckler Muskau, Chroniques, Lettres et Journal, 5v 18mo; Code Gourmand, Sismondi's Histoire des Francais—16 vols; do do des Republiques Italiennes des Moyen Age —8vols, 8vo—Hugo—Les Chants des Crepuscule—&c. &c. &. june 20.

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HARVARD UNIVERSITY.—All persons having books belonging to the Library of Harvard University are, by law, required to return them before or on Wednesday the 24th instant.

Books may be taken out again on the 20th of July.

T. W. HARRIS, *Librarian.*

Cambridge, June 4th, 1840.

GEORGE H. GAY, Dentist. Removed to No. 9 Winter Street. june 13

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Being Thoughts and Arguments originally treated by Martin Farquhar Tupper Esq., A. M. Second American Edition. Contents. Anticipation—Hidden Uses—Compensation—Indirect Influence—Memory—Rest—Experience—Hatred and Anger—Good in Things Evil—Philosophy of Prayer—Discretion—Trifles—Recreation—Religion—Thinking—Speaking—Reading—Writing—Wealth—Invention—Self-Acquaintance—Cruelty to Animals—Friendship—Love—Marriage—Tolerance—Sorrow—Joy, &c &c &c. This day published by Joseph Dowe, 22 Court street. m 6

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☞ The attention of purchasers is invited to this extensive Stock of desirable New Goods. march 28

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

'What is deep, what strong? '
God's breath within the soul! '

'I hear thee speak of a better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother, O where is that distant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?'
Mrs Hemans.

How oft we dream of heaven!
How fondly on a glorious land we dwell,
Where all is light and beauty! and the spell,
Like a bright halo given,
Doth wrap our souls in its mysterious veil,
As down life's stream our bark doth swiftly sail.

We dream of heaven, and feel,
Could we but pass to that blest, peaceful shore,
Where the storm beateth not, nor tempest's roar
Doth wildly o'er it steal,
That the deep secrets of that Eden home,
Should o'er us like a stream of sunlight come.

We dream of heaven, ere yet
The thousand voices that around us ring,
Have waked to echo one responsive string,
In the heart's temple met.
Ere the soft-breathing radiance round us spread,
Hath on our souls its genial influence shed.

We listen for a voice,
An angel voice to greet us from on high,
From the far, viewless depths beyond the sky;
While yet the cry, 'Rejoice! '
That floats like hallowed music on the air,
Still falls unheeded as the captive's prayer.

We speak of a bright land,
Where the soft-whispering fountains gently play;
And the sweet flowers of whose eternal day
Ever in freshness stand.
We sigh for these, our weary hearts to cheer,
But veil our vision from the glories here.

The vernal blossoms wave
In wild luxuriance o'er our earthly way,
And from the bowers the summer breezes stray,
Our brows with peace to lave.
Yet from all these we turn away and sigh,
That we but tread amid mortality.

How could we soar above,
Ere yet our spirit's listening ear had turned
To the still voice of God on earth: and, burned
With fervent, holy love,
To hear the mystic flow of power divine,
Where the breeze wanders, and the star doth shine!

Suns in their glory rise,
And silently would speed us on our way:
And when around 'the last red light of day'
The purple shadow flies,
Its parting sigh comes with a holy might,
Whispering of power to burst the shades of night.

Thus doth the Christian die,
Thus pass the souls that 'born mid smiles and tears,'
Do mirror forth God's glory. Thus it cheers
The tear-dimmed drooping eye,
To mark how clear the lamp of faith doth burn,
While yet the dust doth to the dust return.

Thus doth their memory keep
A sacred watch around our spirit's shrine.
Thus, when long since their light hath ceased to shine,
It liveth in the deep,
Deep sanctuaries of the soul; like flowers
That fragrant are, though crush'd by blighting show'rs.

Even [illegible] we bend
The listening ear of faith, to catch thy voice
In thy majestic works. We would rejoice
That thus thy power doth lend
To earth's frail dust, visions of heavenly bowers,
Speak to us here! make those blest gardens ours.
Waltham. L. B. T.

For the Register and Observer.

A beauteous vision oft I see,
Of friends who 've drooped, and died;
The doors of Paradise are oped,
And from them angels glide!
The spirits of the friends I loved
Before from earth they fled,
And now that love is chastened, by
The tears I 've o'er them shed.

They come, as soft as infant's breath,
With footsteps light and free,
With voice like heavenly harps, they speak
Words of sweet harmony,
In tones more moving far than is
The mourning of the dove!
Tones fraught with warning and reproof,
And yet how full of love!

And of these bright robed messengers
My childhood's friend is one,
Whose beauty faded, as a star,
When dawns the morning sun!
Who lingering long, sank in the sleep
Of death—the spirit's rest—
As calmly, as a slumbering child
Upon its mother's breast!

And holy maxims oft she tells,
In those low feeling whispers,
Truths which it fits a brother here
To learn from angel sisters!
Truths, which to all my sorrowings
Gives balmy sweet relief,
Reviving, as the gentle dews
Upon the withering leaf!

And with her ceasing words, that beauteous throng
Of angel spirits turns and fades away;
To heaven, with noiseless steps they glide along,
Till distance blends them with the twilight grey!
O! oft may those sweet messengers return,
Hovering around me with their airy forms,
And oft may that kind voice in 'words that burn,'
Soothe all the cares of life, and calm its storms!
A. R. L.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the London Eclectic Review.]

PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH INDIA.

But the Reviewer also complains of the famines of India being charged to the government; protests that they are the result of natural causes; and asks very pathetically whether the government can demand rain from heaven. That the famines of India are the results of natural causes we fully admit, for there can be no greater natural causes of sterility, dearth, and consequent destruction of human life than bad government, bad institutions, and rapacious exactions, leaving behind them abject poverty, and impossibility of provision. Periodical droughts, there are unquestionably; but periodical droughts, under a wise and paternal government, need produce no famine, especially in a country like India, which produces two or three crops a year, and under good management so abundantly, as to be capable of producing in one year food for the whole population for three. It is notorious, that in every Indian famine upon record, there has been no actual want of grain in the country. If there has been a total failure in one district, there has been a plenty of grain in others; nay in some of the great famines there has been going on exportation of vast quantities of corn and rice at the very time that the people were perishing. During the great famine of Agra, in 1838, one of the most horrible famines in history, and the dreadful details of which Englishmen should read, if they would know what curses this Christian nation can inflict on its dependent and conquered people; during this famine of yesterday, in which half a million of natives perished before the eyes of their English masters in every shape of horror and self-devouring phrenzy, no less a quantity than 165,646,101 lbs. of rice and other edible grain, was exported, as is shown by the reports of the India House itself!

We could, had we space, show some fearful facts connected with these famines; such as the doctrine of the British Indian government, that in a drought the only plan is to make grain so dear, that the people can only purchase a little at a time, and therefore will not entirely exhaust it; on which ground they have proceeded themselves to aggravate dreadfully the scarcity by buying up the grain, and laying it up in warehouses. The Reviewer contends, that in the awful famine of Agra, in 1838, government did all that government could do, to assist the perishing people, by giving out grain to a large amount. We admit that government did this—but it did it when it was too late. It did it when numbers were too much exhausted to crawl to the depots. It did it, too, only at the last hour, and when the cry of public agony and public indignation was too desperate to be longer neglected. The simple fact, that government had grain, and suffered half a million of people to perish, is too damnatory to admit of exculpation. We ask the Reviewer, whether the government, well aware of these occasional droughts, has ever done anything to provide against their arrival? —Has it, out of the teeming crops of India, left enough in the hands of the growers to enable them, and little will do it, to live through such a season? Has it left them substance enough to purchase food? Or has it like Joseph in Egypt, corn in store to deal out at the moment of need, and before the poor wretches, who toil for it, already weakened by excessive labor and miserable fare, sink in exhaustion? We tell him, nay! but on the contrary, it has, by its rapacity, cruel as death, and insatiable as the grave, aggravated, and to a certain degree, created the very causes of those famines. In the first place, it has devoured the substance, and sapped the strength of the population. In the next place, it has, by taxing every young fruit tree that the cultivators might put into the ground, contributed greatly to denude the country, and expose its soil to its vertical sun. If we had answered the Reviewer's appeal, 'whether the government could demand rain from heaven?' by a plain yes! however much it might astonish him, it would be a more philosophical answer than he seems to be aware of. Most people now know that one of the most remarkable properties of trees, and especially masses of trees, is to attract moisture from the atmosphere, and occasion rain—a fact long ago pointed out by Evelyn in his Sylva. The Pasha of Egypt has, by merely planting, produced rain, with thunder and lightning, in that country, where they were never before known through all history. We may even say, then that the ruthless exactions of the Indian government have tended to produce the droughts as well as the famines. It has done this in more ways than one. The tanks which the ancient lords of the country had made to irrigate it, our government has suffered to fall into decay—a great and positive cause of drought and famine. Further, it has suffered the roads to go to decay, and has not caused others to be made, so that actually when the inhabitants of one district have been perishing of famine, the next district has had plenty of grain without a possibility of sending it to the rescue of the dying. The Reviewer, then, instead of throwing the onus upon heaven, should have shown that the government had used those human means which any wise and good government has in its power, to provide against a known evil; especially a government like that of India, which is every year extorting from these wretched people a revenue of *Twenty Millions sterling*!

* * * * *

When the notorious Warren Hastings was traveling from Calcutta to Lahore, he was astonished to see the people similary flying at his approach, shutting up their shops, and escaping to the woods. No doubt that has been the case in India from that time to the present; and why is this, in a well governed country? Mr Shore lets us into the whole mystery, in his chapter on forced Labor and Purveyance.—'In procuring supplies for camps, carriage for troops, or for the civil functionaries; provisions for the jails; tools for the convicts; trains of workmen, either for government or for private individuals; purchase of cattle and sheep for the food of the European soldiers; in short, in almost every possible way, they carry this baneful system into full operation, to the disgrace of the government and its officers, and in the intolerable oppression of the people.' That is, out rush the myrmidons of the government or of private individuals, and seize cattle, pack-horses, camels, sheep, carts, whatever they need, wherever found. They have butchers with whom they make contracts, and these men send out a troop of fellows distinguished by government badges, to seize sheep or cattle on any man's ground they paying the plunderers a certain portion of the government price, and keeping a good per centage themselves. They seize on all flocks of sheep which they can find; particularly breeding ewes, which they threaten to carry off in order to extort money for their release. They perpetrate every species of oppression, or in plain language, plunder the country like an invading army. They go upon lands which have been sown and cultivated for ages, on pretence of finding unclaimed trees to make handles for the tools of the government workmen—it serves them for a means of extracting a bribe to save the trees. They seize, on highways and at fairs, on horses and men to carry goods, often throwing out loads of the goods of merchants on the roads, and taking away their vehicles. The public treasures, materials for building police station-house, every thing, in fact, which government or great men want conveyed, are thus supplied with men and carriages. 'As soon, therefore,' says Shore, 'as the people perceive the *cortege* approaching, accompanied by a police officer, they run and hide themselves. You may see sometimes half a village scampering over the fields, pursued by one or more police officers in full hue and cry.' Is not this a beautifully governed country?· 'Oh,' says the Honorable Mr Shore, 'that we had a Cruickshank to illustrate this and other scenes consequent on the Purveyance system of British Indian government!'

But our indignant readers will say, is there no law—no redress for such abominable outrages? No! if there were redress there could no longer be the outrages. There can be said to be no law at all for the multitude.—There are courts of justice, so called, but on that curious system of the reductio ad absurdum which is the practice throughout our Indian states. They are constructed on this plan. There is one magistrate to a district as large as Yorkshire; so that do the best he may, it is impossible that he can hear onetenth of the causes that demand his attention. The distance, the attendant expenses, the hopelessness of getting a hearing, are more than enough to deter thousands from seeking justice; but those who are hardly enough to prefer their complaints, find, when they arrive at the court, that the causes are conducted in this very curious manner. They are not conducted in English, which is the language understood by the judge; nor in Hindustanee, that of the people whose interests are at stake; but in Persian, which neither judge nor plaintiff knows a word of! Then, again, the policeman and the tax-gatherer are the same person! and whoever has to complain of what a multitude every day are suffering—of extortion, oppression and insult, finds his enemy and oppressor the accuser and witness against him! But what is more, and which accounts for what Mr Shore says of injured people paying bribes to avoid coming into these courts even as prosecutors or witnesses —the witnesses themselves are seized and imprisoned at the mercy of the court. In the Madras Herald of September 14, 1839, we find actual details of this practice so repugnant to the feelings of Englishmen, that were it told in any part of civilized Europe, would, no doubt, be scouted as a traveler's tale.' What is still more, and what we are sure that our countrymen in this happy land can have no idea of, as existing now anywhere under British rule —*the torture is applied*, to compel confession or payment of texas! We know the serious nature of the charge we are now advancing, but we are prepared to prove it. We have, indeed, now before us petitions from most respectable native Christians, the Parawa Traders of Tuticoreen in Tinnivelly, in the Madras Presidency, which have been presented to Lord Elphistone, but without any attention to them; in which they broadly state that they are compelled to pay a poll-tax first laid on their ancestors by the Mohammedan rulers, for their becoming Christians, and still most singularly continued by their Christian rulers—a tax for being Christians! and they as broadly state, that on refusal to pay this tax, they are tortured with thumb screws; and with standing in the burning sun with a heavy stone on the shoulders! Nay, we know individuals now in London, who have witnessed the infliction of the torture, and one gentleman in particular, who, for the simple fact of having represented to the government of the Presidency what he had seen, was ordered out of the country, leaving his property to the mercy of his enemies, and is now seeking redress here in vain. If any one would know still more of the combined imbecility and personal [illegible] of our Indian government, we will refer him to the work of F. C. Brown, Esq. of Tellicherry, on the Disturbances in Canara in 1837, the title of which will be found at the head of this article, and from which we proposed, had our space allowed, to have given some curious passages.

* * * * *

Here then we close, for the present, our portraiture of what the clerk of the Board of Directors terms 'the incomparably best governed of all our dependent possessions.' If the scene which it presents does not rouse our countrymen to rescue it from the vampyre system under which it is sinking, we shall have no longer any faith in philosophy, humanity, or commercial policy which have so long distinguished us as a nation. The interests of the people of India do not require a reform of Indian government more peremptorily than the interests of our starving manufacturers demand it. If India be such a beautiful scene of good government, why does not the East Indian Company invite all who doubt the fact to go out and see for themselves? If that be the case, that would settle the matter at once. All people who know that they have a flourishing scene to display, are glad that it should be seen. As it is, we call on our countrymen to inquire—inquire—inquire: and as the Edinburgh Review has not only appealed to the evidence of Mr Shore, but to Lord William Bentinck, we will also close our remarks. In his evidence on the Steam question, delivered after he had been for years Governor General of India, after comparing our rule with that of the Mohammedans who went before us, and showing that theirs was far superior to ours, he added—'India in order to become a detached dependency of Great Britain, must be governed for her own sake, and not for the sake of the 800 or 1000 individuals who are sent from England to make their fortunes. They are totally incompetent to the charge, and in their hands, administration in all its civil branches, revenue, judicial, and police, has been a failure. Our government, to become secure, must become popular, and to become so, it must consult the welfare of the many and not of the few. The government must remain arbitrary, but it may also be, and should be, paternal.' But how can this be effected? England has no knowledge of and no care for India. India, again, has no representative in England; has hitherto had no access to her shore; her fate is entirely in the hands of the authorities with whom her management is vested. The Court of Directors seek their office for the sake of the patronage only; for the most part they are strangers to India; have their own separate affairs to manage; are divested of responsibility; but from their permanency, and the knowledge which they derive from their numerous clients, they possess a power and influence over all affairs, which a temporary President of the Board of Control, unaided by any Board possessing local information, cannot possibly control.

SUBSTITUTE FOR EMBALMENT.

When M. Gaunal made his process public he was not aware himself, perhaps, of the use to which it could be applied. Several weeks ago the body of a boy, murdered under very suspicious circumstances, was brought to the Morgue —the place where all persons found drowned or murdered, and who are not immediately recognized, are exposed—and the veins were injected according to the plan laid down by M. Gaunal. The corpse of the poor boy remained several weeks in as fresh a state as when it was found a few days after the murder. It has not yet been recognized, but one cannot but admire the facility thus offered for recognition. But for this discovery, the utmost time that the body could have remained at the Morgue would have been five or six days. M. Gaunal's process is extremely simple, and attended with very little expense. He makes a solution, composed of sulphate of alum and hot water, in proportion of two pounds of the sulphate to a pint of hot water, and injects by the right carotid artery; in summer three quarts of this liquid, and in winter less, according to the temperature.—*Paris Letter.*

BURNING LAKES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The following account of the 'Burning Lakes,' the most remarkable volcanic phenomenon in the immediate vicinity of Agnachapa, is from Montgomery's Narrative, just published:

'Of these lakes or ponds, there are several; and they occupy a considerable tract of land. The largest is about a hundred yards in circumference. In this, as in all others, the water, which was extremely turbid, and of a light brown color, was boiling furiously, and rising in bubbles three or four feet high. The steam ascended in a dense white cloud, and spread for a considerable distance round, as I stood for some time on the bank of this natural cauldron, gazing with awe upon its tremendous vortex. The heat was so great on the surface of the ground, near the borders of the lakes, that had our feet not been protected by thick shoes, it could not have been endured. On thrusting a knife into the ground, the blade, when drawn out, after a few seconds, was so hot as to burn the fingers. Our horses, which, according to the custom of the country, were not shod, exhibited such systems of uneasiness, owing to the state of the ground beneath them, or in consequence of the strong smell of the steam, that it was found necessary to leave them tied at some distance from the scene. In some places a little column of smoke issued fiercely from a hole in the ground, while in others, the water in a boiling state, gushed out like a fountain. The ebulitions of these lakes, or springs, have formed, on the borders of them, a deposit of the finest clay, and of every variety of colors.

It does not appear that the natives have profited by the facilities thus afforded them for the manufacture of pottery. And although nothing would be more easy than to establish there the finest mineral baths in the world, this object has never occupied their attention.'

For the Register and Observer.

WHO IS THE COURAGEOUS BOY.

Certainly not he who is the best fighter; for generally speaking, it is the easiest thing in the world to fight. The smallest boy finds no difficulty in that. Cats and dogs know how to fight, because they are so made, that they cannot help it; but we should not think of calling them courageous on that account.

Something makes them fight, over which they have no control. It is irascibleness, and every child has more or less of it, which *almost makes* him fight, whenever he is plagued or insulted by another. But it is certainly no great things to do that which any body can do without the least trouble.

[illegible] sailing against the stream up a river, with great toil and effort, or merely floating down the stream, with your arms folded, without any care on your part? You answer, the former, since it is much harder and more difficult than the latter. Just so it is with boys. It is so easy to fight, that nine out of ten are doing that every day, (or else speaking cross and angry words, which is almost as bad,) while it is only one in a hundred, that is courageous enough to check his rising passion and return good for evil.

Did you ever read about Leonidas the Spartan, who with a few brave countrymen, nobly defended the pass of Thermopylæ? These devoted patriots, though but a handful, stood firm against the army of Xerxes, which, the historian informs us, consisted of about five millions of souls!

They were courageous, because they were doing that which few would dare to do, in the midst of so much danger and against such hosts of enemies.

But there is, my friends, among us, a more noble, more heroic band of soldiers, who are not afraid to do battle with the scorn and ridicule of the world, the temptations and trials of passion and appetite. They are few in number: but their courage is so undaunted, that the whole world cannot conquer them. They are called 'The Blessed,' and are the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, whose directions to them are contained in 'The Sermon on the mount.' You, my young reader, are invited to join their ranks. Before refusing the invitation, you ought to know what your Savior promises his disciples in the fourteenth Chapter of John. He speaks there of a Comforter, that he will send to all who will become his followers. It is a peace, that the world neither giveth nor taketh away. It passeth all understanding, and confers the highest happiness that is found on earth, and a crown of glory, immortal in the heavens. Will you enlist my little fellow? If you do, you must be courageous, ten times as courageous as those that are called good fighters, for you will meet with ten times as much work to do. The boys will laugh at you now and then, and call you coward and mean-spirited; and you will have to deny yourself whenever your passions, your appetites or your evil companions tempt you to do wrong. But what of all this? Put on your armor, and let people know that you are not afraid of any thing, but of doing wrong in the sight of that good Father, who gives you everything that makes you happy, and 'who cannot look upon iniquity, but with abhorrence.'

'Come,' says Jesus' sacred voice, 'come follow me; for in my Father's house are many mansions, prepared for all those who love me and keep my commandments.'

Will you not tell all your friends of these things, my dear children; for if they are true, it is important, that all should know of them. Tell them too, that they are in a most dangerous situation, if they have not embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, for in the third chapter of John it says plainly, that those shall never see life who do not believe on the Son. Oh! how sorry we should be, if we were happy enough to go to heaven, but should not find there, our dear brothers and sisters and friends who did not know what they should do to go there, because we did not tell them.

Have courage, then, my friends, to speak out what you think, on this great subject, and you will save yourselves and friends from many a bitter pang, many a sorry hour. My little boy, how could you better employ your life than in bringing men to the truth as it is taught in the Scriptures, and thus making them better fitted for this world and the world to come?

Did you ever think, as the little Howard did, of becoming a minister of Christ and going about doing good? Begin with your brothers and sisters, and assure yourself, that they love to sit at the feet of Jesus and ponder over 'the one thing needful.' When they shall all know how good a thing it is to love the Lord, ask others to consider the subject; remembering all the time, that they can never see life, unless they give earnest heed to the gospel.

In this way, you can go on, showing by your own life, how lovely a thing religion is and how essential it is to our highest and most lasting interests.

And when you shall have finished the delightful work given you here below, you will be welcomed with the glad sound, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord.'

God grant, that we may have many such courageous boys among us. W. G. B.

GREENWOOD'S HYMNS.

JENKS & PALMER have just published the thirtieth edition of 'A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP,' by Rev. F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

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